THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

LITERATURE ACCOMPLISHMENTS ARTS AMUSEMENTS NEWS.

VOL. XI. M. M. BALLOU, NUMBER 22 WINTER STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1856. TERMS, $2 00 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE No. 45.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BRIDE OF PARIS:

—OR,—

THE ROLL OF THE DRUM.

A Romance of the Revolution, the Reign of Terror, and the Days of Napoleon the Great.

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CHAPTER I.

THE RIVALS IN LOVE.

On a dark summer night, in the year 1789, and in the city of Paris, there was visible, in the rear of a massive building, in the most aristocratical quarter of the capital, a single lighted window on the second story, contrasting with the gloom of all around it. The interior of the apartment in which burned this solitary radiance was concealed by a curtain that occupied the whole framework. In the rear of the mansion thus distinguished, was a large garden filled with fruit and ornamental trees, laid out in rectangular paths, adorned with statues and fountains, and surrounded by a high wall surmounted with a double row of iron spikes. The rays of light from the second-story window, intercepted by the curtain, but feebly illuminated the foliage in the immediate vicinity. All was hushed around. Carriages and carts had ceased to rattle through the street, and only the footfall of the patrols echoed from a remote distance.

But the mysterious hush and darkness of the garden there was one person—a man—who, wrapped in a cloak to protect him from the influence of the night-air, stood watching the illuminated window-curtain with intense attention. Nor was his vigil unproductive of results. Soon, on the clear field of the smooth drapery appeared the dark silhouette of a female figure, now motionless, and now moving to and fro within the apartment. Thereupon the watcher in the garden threw a pebble against the glass to attract the attention of the inmate of the room. Directly the shadow became stationary in the centre of the curtain. The midnight visitor, whoever he was, then sung in a low but sweet voice, the following verse of a serenade:

> "There's a shadow on the earth,
> There's darkness on the sky,
> But there's brightness in the heart,
> And love-light in the eye;
> And thou knowest, lady fair,
> When the stars are veiled above
> And dull eyes are closed in sleep—
> 'Tis the mystic hour of love."

As the strain died away, the curtain was withdrawn, the casement opened, and the lady, whose attention had been thus wooed, bent over the window-sill, and in a low sweet voice, pronounced the single word "Armand!"

A smothered imprecation, inaudible to the lady, was uttered by the singer—but he replied to the question in low and guarded tones—"your own true lover."

"But how imprudent, Armand!" remonstrated the lady. "Your mother, the duchess, is expected every moment from Versailles."

"We have yet time before us, Julie. There is a performance at the royal opera to-night, followed by a ball—and the festival is not near ended yet. I stole away from the crowd of courtiers in the royal circle, mounted my horse, and rode hither on the spur expressly to see you. We have so few opportunities of meeting—there are so many spies with Argus eyes about us. Give me a brief interview here in the garden."

The young lady appeared to hesitate.

"I conjure you," added the supplicant.

"Be patient, Armand," replied the lady; "I will join you."

The light and graceful figure disappeared from the window, and a moment afterwards, a door in the lower story was opened, and Julie Fontange stole forth to meet her lover. He grasped her by the hand and drew her away from the house.

"Thanks—thanks," he said. "I am blessed beyond my hopes."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the lady. "It is not Armand."

"Not Armand de Preville, the poor chevalier, the penniless younger son," was the proud reply; "but one who loves you better, Julie; the elder brother of your patroness, Eugene de Preville. You will not tell me that you prefer the younger son to the titled head of the house; the chevalier to the marquis—the portionless dreamer and sympathizer with rebels, to the lieutenant colonel of the Royal Germans!"

"This—this, sir, is treachery—heartless treachery!" replied Julie. "Could you not find any one to practise on but a poor dependent orphan girl? Farewell, sir—may you live to repent this insult!"

"Julie," said the marquis, imperiously. "You shall remain and hear me. Julie, I love you. You have made me forget the pride of my caste. I have looked into your bright eyes and forgotten that you were sprung from the *canaille*—the rabble—the hewers of wood and drawers of water to the *noblesse*."

"You make me feel my position bitterly, sir," answered Julie. "Armand never maligned the people."

"No," replied the marquis, contemptuously. "My brother is a degenerate scion of our lofty house. He consorts with the philosophers—he is infected with the mad ideas of the day—and is a proselyte of those wretched doctrinaires who assert the absolute equality of mankind. His idols are Franklin, Washington and Lafayette. The American revolution has unsettled his brain, and he fancies the present disturbances will end in the triumph of the rabble. But I did not send for you to preach politics—and time flies. I came, dear Julie, to offer you my heart."

"What mockery! Could I respond to your advances, you know well that your mother would never sanction your addresses."

"I shall not trouble her for her consent. Julie, it is in my power to surround you with every luxury. Armand has nothing to offer you but his heart. Accept my suit, and yours shall be a life of splendor. Many a titled dame shall envy you your equipage, your horses, your liveries and the attention of the inmate of the room. Directly the shadow became stationary in the centre of the curtain. The midnight visitor, whoever he was, then sung in a low but sweet voice, the following verse of a serenade:

"Away!" cried Julie. "Do not wound my ears with such language. I love another. You have surprised my secret, and you forced its avowal. But you know that I can never be yours or his. You know that I am one of the people—and that the inexorable forms of society have placed an impregnable barrier between us. To youth and beauty they are pitiless. Hearts are crushed in the iron vice of this system. O, people of France! what are you, but the dust for the nobility to trample on! what are the daughters of France, but the slaves of your caprice! Farewell, sir. I forgive you for troubling my repose, on condition that you will not repeat the offence."

"You shall not leave me! By Heaven!" exclaimed the marquis. "Henceforth we part no more. My servants and carriage are without—I will bear you through the postern gate with or without your consent."

"And you boast of being a French gentleman!" said Julie, scornfully.

"A French noble and the master of his vassal!" retorted the marquis, as he seized her arm.

Julie Fontange uttered a piercing shriek, hopeless as that despairing cry appeared to be. But it was not uttered in vain. It was heard by one of all others most keenly alive to its tones. There was a rustle in the shubbery—a dark figure sprang forward, and in a moment the young girl was clasped in the arms of Armand de Preville, the younger brother of the marquis.

"Saved! saved!" said Julie, sobbing hysterically, as she clung to her preserver.

"Go into the house!" whispered Armand. "I will arrange everything."

Julie went to the house, but came back in alarm.

"The door is locked on the inside!" said she. "What woes accumulate upon my head!"

"Marquis de Preville," said the chevalier, advancing with a menacing air to his brother, "it is you who have surrounded this young girl with snares; you have plotted the injury of this guiltless creature—or orphan, brought up with us from infancy as a sister. Relinquish your persecution of her, or—he paused and laid his hand significantly on his sword-hilt. The light from the window, though faint, was strong enough to make his gesture manifest.

"For Heaven's sake, Armand—for my sake," said Julie, clinging to his arm. "Be careful—be prudent. O, sir," continued she, addressing the marquis, "be merciful as you are powerful. If indeed it is you who have cut off my retreat—renounce your purpose, and let me retire."

"I never renounce my purposes," answered the marquis. "And for you, sir," he said, addressing the chevalier, "remember who you are—a younger son—a nobody—a vassal, bound to respect the slightest wishes of the head of your family."

"Your younger brother, it is true," replied Armand—"but a man. God made me not your vassal—and standing here, in defence of innocence against oppression, I am thrice armed. Drive me not to forget, in my just indignation, the ties of blood that should bind our hearts together. This girl, almost our sister, I take under my protection—and I swear that you shall not harm her."

As he spoke, with his left hand he grasped the right hand of Julie, and stood confronting his elder brother, erect, resolute and defiant.

"Unhand the girl, sir!" said the marquis, sternly, advancing a step forward as he spoke.

"Stand back, sir," said the chevalier, in a tone of equal haughtiness, "and give me free passage with my charge."

"What! stand back and permit you to abduct her before my very eyes?" said the marquis. "Really, this is a pitch of insolence of which I did not believe you capable."

"O, Armand, provoke him not!" cried Julie. "You know not what you do. He is powerful, he is the head of your house."

"I care not," said Armand, fiercely—drawing his sword. "The elder must give way to the better man."

"Fool!" said the marquis, furious with passion. "You will force me then to chastise you."

Armand, too, drew his sword. In an instant, the slender rapiers crossed each other, and thrusts were interchanged with the rapidity of lightning. Julie wrung her hands and shrieked aloud, regardless of the consequences. Both of the combatants engaged in the unnatural strife were adroit swordsmen, though, perhaps, the profession of arms gave the advantage to the marquis. But if he was vigorous and skilful, Armand was active and supple, wary and adroit. The light blades coiled around each other, hissing like embracing serpents, but as yet their brightness was undimmed with blood. The adversaries, inflamed by a deadly purpose, regarded not the shrieks of Julie—forgot time, place, blood, everything but the hate that jealousy inspired; and the death of one or both might have been the result of the combat, but for a fortunate interposition. Suddenly a glare of light illuminated the whole garden. A double door of the hotel de Preville was thrown wide open, and advancing through a file of liveried lacqueys, holding their flaming torches on high, appeared a tall and stately lady, superbly attired, and blazing with diamonds from head to foot. Behind her stalked the stooping figure of a man dressed in a shabby suit of black.

"Hold! I command you!" was the imperious exclamation of the stately lady who appeared thus unexpectedly upon the scene.

The combatants instantly dropped their swords, and a moment afterwards sullenly returned them to their scabbards.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the lady. "Why is it that I see you—my sons—engaged in deadly strife?"

The marquis and the chevalier were silent. The Duchess de Preville, for it was no other, glanced sternly from one to the other, but received no answer. Her bright eyes, the fire of which age had not dimmed, now rested on Julie, the innocent cause of this strife, with a glance of penetration.

"Julie," said she—"I beg your pardon—I did not notice you before. How came you here at this hour of the night? Speak!"

Julie attempted to reply, but her voice failed. "Can you explain this, chevalier?" continued the duchess, turning to her younger son. Armand was silent.

"Marquis," pursued the duchess, "I must have satisfaction. I charge you to speak."

The Marquis de Preville raised his head haughtily.

"To none other than to you, madam," he said, "would I have vouchsafed a reply."

"No other has the right to interrogate you, sir," said the duchess.

"I forget not that you are my mother," replied the marquis. "To you then, I answer—that Julie Fontange was present at my command. I required an interview with her—and she, as my vassal and inferior, was bound to obey me."

"She is under my protection, and amenable only to me," said the duchess. "Julie, my child," she added, in a gentler tone than she had hitherto assumed, "go to your room. Your repose shall not be again disturbed, and remember henceforth that you are required to obey no commands but those that issue from my lips."

Julie bowed low as she passed before the duchess, and withdrew as she had been commanded.

"For you, sir," said the duchess, severely, addressing her younger son. "I command you to go to your room, and hold yourself in readiness there to obey my orders."

Armand bit his lip till the blood started, and then with a low bow to his mother, and a glance of menace and anger at his elder brother, obeyed the imperious mandate of the lady. The latter approached the marquis, and drew him out of earshot of the attendants.

"Eugene," said she, "why are you here? Your absence from Versailles was noted to-night when Paris is in a ferment, and the throne itself in danger. The queen herself inquired after you. Why, when you are on the high road to royal favor, will you thus sport with your fortunes? The bearer of one of the proudest names in France—lieutenant colonel of the Royal Germans; young, gifted, rich, the baton of a marshal is not beyond your grasp. And will you jeopardize your brilliant future by neglecting your opportunities, and pursuing a low-born girl, one of the people? I did not expect this of you."

"I care little for Julie," answered the marquis, sullenly. "But I cannot bear to see a younger brother find more favor in the eyes of beauty than myself. I could not bear to see him prosper in his suit."

"Dismiss that care from your mind," said the duchess. "Julie shall never be his—I pledge you my word—I have other views for her and him. Do you think I could consent to so degrading an alliance? Never. I have taken measures already to separate them—and you know that when my resolution is once taken—nothing—no obstacle—no scruple of conscience ever sways my inflexible will."

"If I were sure of that—I would forget my disappointment," said the marquis.

"You may rest assured of it," said the duchess. "And now, will you give me your word of honor to forget this wretched girl, and bring no further scandal on our house?"

"I will," answered the marquis.

"I thank you, my son, for this mark of your confidence and obedience. You have earned your mother's blessing."

The marquis took the hand she extended to him, and respectfully raised it to his lips.

"And now," continued the duchess, "will you go with me and partake of some refreshment, or will you at once return to your post and your duty at Versailles?"

"I will ride back at once to Versailles," replied the marquis. "After this excitement I can neither eat nor drink. A sharp gallop will be the best sedative to my nerves."

"Good-night, then," said the duchess; "and take a mother's blessing with you."

She laid her hand lightly on his uncovered head, and then passed into the hotel with her attendants. As the shabby, stooping man, who had accompanied her, was about following in the rear of her train, the marquis laid his hand upon his arm, and drew him back into the garden.

"One word with you, Mr. Godfrey Derneval," said the marquis.

"I'm in a hurry," said the person thus addressed, nervously. "Your lady mother has business with me, and—"

"You shall obey her commands after attending to mine," interrupted the marquis. "I must and will have a word with you."

The man in black stood uncovered, uneasily twisting his three-cornered hat in his hand.

"Mr. Godfrey Derneval," said the marquis, "you are a notary."

"Such is my profession, certainly," answered Derneval.

"And of my mother's man of business!"

"All the world knows that."

"And consequently a great rascal!"

"You are facetious, sir."

"Not at all—I never jest. You had a hand in this business, to-night."

"My dear marquis."

"Curse your familiarity! Who locked the door by which yonder girl entered the garden?"

"You don't suspect me, I hope," said the man of the law, trembling violently.

"No; I don't suspect you of doing it."

"I breathe freer."

"But, knowing you to be a rascal," continued the marquis, "I *know* that you did it."

"I protest that you are mistaken," said the notary.

"Hang your protestations! Don't I know that you are always sneaking about the house night and day—working mischief, and spying upon the actions of your superiors! You have dared, sir, this night, to come between me and my purpose."

"O, spare me, noble marquis," said the notary, now thoroughly frightened.

"I have a great mind," said the marquis, clapping his hand on his sword, "to give you a lesson for your impertinent intermeddling, that would last you all your life: in a word, to crop your ears close off to your head. You would remember me, then, every time you were tempted to play the eavesdropper."

"Mercy! mercy! most noble marquis!" said the poor man, falling on his knees and clasping his hands in supplication.

"You know such things are done every day," said the marquis, who took a malicious pleasure in playing on the fears of the notary. "A French noble may do almost anything with impunity short of absolute murder. But get up and stand on your feet."

The notary obeyed.

"You have it in your power to disarm my vengeance. You remember I spoke to you about a trifling loan?"

"A trifling loan! it was a thousand louis."

"A thousand louis—very well. Have you raised it for me?"

"Money is so scarce. But on good security—"

"My note of hand is ready for you."

"What endorsement, sir?"

"Endorsement—you rascal! Do you talk to me of endorsement?"

"I'll—I'll see if I can get the money," stammered the notary.

"You scoundrel! You have it about you at this moment."

The notary groaned aloud.

"Come—sirrah! I'm in a hurry. I hear my horse stamping impatiently in the street. The money, or you your ears."

Thus urged, the notary lugged out a heavy purse and placed it in the hands of the most noble Marquis de Preville, lieutenant colonel of the Royal Germans.

"It's all I'm worth in the world!" said he, with a deep sigh.

"Don't risk your soul for a thousand louis," said the marquis, pocketing the money. "You know you are getting rich while we are getting poor. There's my note. Now we are quits." Buttoning up his coat he strode to the postern gate, and unlocking it by means of a pass-key he produced from his pocket, emerged into the street. A carriage, and two or three mounted lacqueys with a led horse were in waiting.

One of the men dismounted, and approaching the marquis, took off his hat respectfully.

"The lady, sir!" said he.

"There is no lady in the case," answered the marquis, petulantly. "Tell the coachman to drive to the stable, and put up the carriage and horses. You, Beauval, will ride to Versailles with me to-night."

The necessary orders were given, and the carriage drove off at a rapid rate. Disdaining the aid of his servant, the marquis vaulted into his saddle, and driving his spurs into his horse's flanks, dashed up the street at a gallop. As soon as Beauval was seated, he followed his master at the same speed. The notary had lingered a moment in the garden.

"A thousand louis!" he muttered. "If he is lucky at play, he will pay me. At any rate I shall be no loser. It is but deducting the debt from the rents to-morrow, with ten per cent. addition to pay me for the insults and the menaces he heaped upon me. Ah, Eugene de Preville—little do you dream of the vengeance that is in store for you and all your accursed race. You will soon learn that the hewers of wood and drawers of water are not mere stocks and stones. Our turn has arrived. Even now blood has been shed, and Paris is on the eve of revolt."

And with these words the wily notary passed into the Hotel de Preville.

CHAPTER II.

THE ORPHAN GIRL AND THE NOTARY.

In the meanwhile, the Duchess de Preville had entered her private cabinet, dismissing her attendants, and had despatched a message to Julie, in obedience to which the latter had been ushered into the presence of her mistress and left alone with her.

The duchess was seated in state in a carved and gilded arm-chair, lined with purple velvet, and, attired as she was in a style of almost regal magnificence, with a stately bearing which time had not humbled, it was little to be wondered at that her presence impressed with awe, a young girl brought up in a reverential regard for the nobility, and taught to believe that something of divinity almost reigned throughout the upper classes. The altar, the throne and the nobility, were so intimately associated in the minds of persons circumstanced like Julie Fontange, that all the representatives of these three estates had a sacredness, of which in these days we can form scarcely a conception. The awe they inspired kept down with a crushing weight both the operations of the mind and the impulses of the heart.

It is true that new ideas were fermenting in the minds both of the upper and lower classes; but the stratum between these extremes of society was as yet unshaken. In the case of Julie, a deep feeling of gratitude added respect for the individual to regard for the representative of a class. We are thus prepared to find her ready for any act of obedience or sacrifice commanded by the imperious will of the duchess.

She trembled violently as she entered the presence of the great lady. The latter, compassionating her emotion, assigned her a seat which she gratefully accepted.

"Julie," said the duchess, "I have sent for you on a subject of grave import. The scandal of to night must never be repeated. Its nature I can partly guess—but I chose to seek information from your own lips."

"I never yet deceived you, madam," said the young girl, raising her soft dark eyes to the face of the duchess, and speaking with tremulous difficulty.

"I know it, my child," replied the duchess. "But you have conducted yourself thoughtlessly to-night."

"I acknowledge it."

"You should have known better than to have granted the marquis an interview without my sanction."

"I granted no interview to the marquis," replied Julie, blushing deeply.

"Whom, then, did you expect to meet in the garden?"

"The chevalier," replied Julie, lowering her eyes.

"The chevalier!" exclaimed the duchess, apparently greatly surprised.

"Yes, madam. O, madam!" she continued, after a great effort. "Pardon me—I am young, heedless, inexperienced. Pardon my confession; you would, if you knew how much it cost me to make it—but I have ventured—I have dared—to—to love the chevalier."

"And he has told you that he loved you?"

"Yes, madam."

"I know it all," replied the duchess, calmly. "Think you, that with the honor of my family at stake, I can be blind to what is passing around me? Julie, what a position you have placed us in! Loved by two brothers, and the cause of an almost fatal feud between them!"

"Alas! madam, it was not my fault."

"The one," continued the duchess, coldly, "persecuting you with unhallowed addresses—the other offering you a hand he knew that he had not the right to bestow."

"But he hoped to obtain your permission."

"He knew better," said the duchess. "And you—pardon me for saying it—you knew better yourself."

"Alas! madam, I only listened to my heart and my hopes, not to my reason."

"The heart is a treacherous counsellor, Julie. You should not have listened for a moment to the chevalier. You but half performed your moral duty. As you spurned the advances of the marquis, so, too, should you have silenced the addresses of the chevalier. And, had you been true to your training, you should have acquainted me at the outset with what was going on, and not left it to the chance of my penetration to discover."

Julie was silent The duchess continued.

"You know, Julie, that to me you owe all. A foundling, I received you into my house. My conscience would have acquitted me had I brought you up among the servants of the family. I did better by you—I kept you near my person—I taught you accomplishments, and in every respect gave you a superior education."

"For this, madam, I am deeply grateful. Yet, perhaps, it would have been better for my peace of mind, had you been less kind."

Without noticing the last remark, the duchess resumed:

"It was my purpose to unite you to a respectable person, and to give you a suitable dowry. Your imprudence, joined with the conduct of my sons, has precipitated matters."

The poor girl cast a terrified glance upon her patron lover, and breathlessly awaited the explanation of this hint.

"So long as you are free, the trouble you have caused in my family will not cease," continued the duchess; "and it must end—end at once. You must be married immediately."

"O, madam!" cried Julie, falling on her knees, and clasping the hands of her mistress. "Bid me do anything but that."

"Rise," said the duchess, coldly, "and resume your seat. You know me well enough to know that what I have determined on, I execute inflexibly. Tears and prayers are unavailing."

"But I love the chevalier—I have confessed it to him."

"So much the worse. His passion must be quenched—and that can only be done by giving you the name of another man."

"It is too much, I cannot consent," said Julie.

"Then you will bring ruin on the head of your lover," said the duchess.

"Ruin!"

"Ay, girl."

"I do not understand you."

"I will make my meaning perfectly plain. Do you know what a *lettre de cachet* means?"

"A *lettre de cachet*?"

"Yes. A *lettre de cachet* is a sealed mandate issued by the king—a secret order for the incarceration of the person therein mentioned in one of the prisons of the state. The person thus arrested and imprisoned has no redress. He has no appeal to any legal tribunal. His liberty is forfeited by the simple will of the monarch. Hundreds thus imprisoned never again breathe the free air of heaven."

"It is dreadful!" said Julie.

"You shall behold one of these terrible missives," said the duchess.

As she spoke she took from her bosom a folded parchment bearing the royal seal of Louis XVI. It was addressed to the lieutenant of the police of Paris.

Julie shuddered as her eyes rested on the fatal document.

"May I venture to ask, madam," she inquired, "against whom this warrant is directed?"

"It is a state secret—but as you are interested in it, I will reply to your question. The person named therein is my own son—Armand de Preville."

"O, madam, is he to be torn away from us?"

"He is."

"And whither conveyed?"

"To the Bastille."

"To the Bastille! to the Bastille?" exclaimed Julie. "To that dread fortress whose portals yawn like the portals of the grave! O, I have never crossed the Place de la Bastille on which those terrible round towers frown eternally, without a shudder. And can it be that that is to be the prison-house of Armand? O, madam, say that you have only been playing on my fears; tell me that you have been but jesting—but do not say that Armand is to be consigned to that fearful fortress."

"I have said it," answered the duchess.

"Is there no way to save him?" asked the almost frantic girl.

"Yes—one."

"Name it, I conjure you."

"You must cease to love him."

"That is impossible. So long as life lasts, the love that he has inspired will last too."

"But it is in your power to reject his suit."

"That is indeed within my power, though it will cost me the anguish of a life time."

"But that alone is not enough. So long as you are free, so long will he—for I know him well, attempt to gain possession of you—so long too, will you be a source of discord to my sons."

"Then let me retire to a convent."

"How long, in these troubled times, when the basis of society is shaken, will the convent be a safe retreat?"

"I see—I see," said Julie, wringing her hands. "For me there is no place of refuge, no peace but in the grave. Will my death content you?"

"I seek not your death, foolish girl; but only to do my duty by my family. No, you must bestow your hand upon another."

"Without love?"

"Who weds for love in France?" asked the duchess. "Marriage is with us a mere arrangement dictated by prudence, thrift or policy. Mark me well—the crisis is a desperate one—and I am wrought up by it to a pitch of desperation. If you would not bring utter ruin on the head of Armand, you will be obedient to my commands."

We shall not attempt to describe the long discussion that ensued—the arguments used by the duchess—the unavailing resistance of the girl; all ended, as might have been foreseen from her helpless condition, her peculiar position, her education, and the habits of the times, in a pledge of implicit obedience.

"And when, madam," finally asked the victim of this feudal tyranny, "when do you propose to dispose of me in marriage?"

"To-night!"

"To-night!"

"Yes. Recall what I have said—remember that the fate of Armand hangs upon a thread, and the thread is in your hand. Besides, this marriage is merely formal. The ceremony once performed, you will be free, and stand higher than ever in my favor. Now no more words—for I am fatigued and weary. Go to my dressing-room, where you will find my maid waiting to attire you. I will soon join you."

Pale and tearless, stunned by what she had heard, and more like a patient in a somnambulic state than a person awake, the young girl moved out of the apartment with a noiseless step.

The duchess, leaning her head on her hand, passed a few moments in reverie. She then touched a bell-rope, the distant tinkle of a bell was heard, and before its vibration had ceased, Godfrey Derneval stood before her, and bowing silently, awaited her commands.

"You are decidedly of opinion, Derneval," said the duchess, "that a temporary seclusion from the world will be the best thing I can do for the chevalier at present?"

"Such is my conviction, madam."

"You are quite certain that he frequents those meetings, and is in league with the turbulent men who have already rebelled against the government of their country?"

"I am."

"And you think that solitude and a knowledge that his lady-love is given to another, will extinguish that foolish and disgraceful passion?"

"I do."

"Then take this *lettre de cachet* and put it in the hands of the lieutenant of police. Were it a disgrace for a noble to be incarcerated in the Bastile, I would have spared Armand. But the noblest families of France have been represented there. I have seen De Launey, the governor, and provided that every indulgence and luxury shall be afforded him. When he has come to his senses, I will procure an order for his liberation. But filial disobedience, disloyalty and a humiliating passion deserve a severe lesson."

"And you would have him arrested?"

"This night—immediately. It is imperative—for within the hour Julie is to be married."

"To whom, madam?"

"I look to you for a husband."

"To me, madam! I have an irresistible aversion to matrimony."

"You mistake my meaning. I look to you to provide one. There are five hundred louis," she added, putting a purse in the notary's hand. "With money in Paris, one can do anything. Find me some honest poor man who is willing to give his name to an honest and good girl to oblige a noble lady, and who will not be troubled by his wife after the ceremony is performed. Have you such a one in your mind?"

"I have," replied the notary. "A man who has come up from Dauphiné to seek his fortune, and has had ill luck thus far. He is to a certain extent in my power. I think I can prevail with him."

"See him at once then—and bring him back with you as speedily as possible. If you enable me to carry through my purposes to night, you shall be handsomely rewarded."

The notary bowed low and left the presence of the duchess, who, as the reader has seen, scrupled at nothing to secure the execution of her commands. Thus, in spite of a certain degree of affection for Julie, she crushed her heart without remorse when her inexorable family pride commanded the sacrifice; and thus she also deceived her victim with regard to the destination of Armand, with equal unscrupulousness. Power is a dangerous gift to a woman of such a character.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARREST AND THE SACRIFICE.

The notary repaired with the utmost speed to the quarters of the lieutenant of police, to whom he delivered the royal mandate commanding the immediate arrest of Armand de Preville. This done, he summoned a hackney carriage, and directed the coachman to drive to a certain street in the Faubourg St Antoine. When the coachman pulled up at the house he had designated by number, the notary alighted, and entering the house went up to the window of the porter's lodge.

The porter was asleep, and vented sundry imprecations at being disturbed at so unseasonable an hour of the night; but his grumblings were changed to thanks at the sight of a piece of gold slipped into his hands.

"Is Gerard Lorraine in?" asked the notary.

"Yes, he came back early to-night."

"In bed, of course?"

"Why—no—he sits up sometimes till morning, poring over his books. You know his room—on the sixth story?" said the porter.

"Yes."

"Well, here's a candle. You must have very important business to bring you here at this hour."

"I have."

"Some piece of good news, I hope. My lodger is in arrears—and I have given him warning."

"Make yourself perfectly easy, Mr. Matthew Mauran, you shall be paid. Consider me responsible. You know me."

"Yes, Mr. Godfrey Dernevel—I know you by reputation. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night."

The notary grumbling to himself, toiled up the six flights of steps, and finding his way to the door of the man he was in search of, knocked thrice.

"Come in!" said a loud voice.

Derneval entered.

A stout, dark-complexioned young man, poorly attired, who was reading at a table, by the light of a flickering tallow candle, jumped up and exclaimed:

"Godfrey Derneval, by all that's unlucky."

"A very cordial reception!" said the notary. "But as to my visit being unlucky—we'll see about that. Arn't you going to ask me to sit down?"

"Certainly. Take my chair," said the young man; "I can sit on the table. I don't live in much style, as you see."

"I suppose you guess the object of my visit," said the notary.

"That's not difficult. I owe you fifty louis, for which I gave my note. The note is overdue, you've asked me for the money twenty times, and I've put you off time and again, hoping against hope, that something might turn up to enable me to pay you. But it hasn't. You're tired of waiting—and you come to say that I must abide by the consequences. In a word, then, a prison stares me in the face. Well, I doubt whether a debtor's cell is worse than this dog hole, and so, Mr. Godfrey Derneval, I am ready. Where's your officer, and your writ?"

"Suppose that instead of coming as an enemy, I come as a friend?"

"I am not foolish enough to suppose any such thing."

"Suppose that fortune, after having frowned on you so long, Mr. Lorraine, has proved propitious at last?"

"I will not suppose any such thing. The fickle jade will fell me to the end."

"How many men have come up to Paris as poor as you, and are now in the enjoyment of competence!"

"Ay—but that was in better times, they had patrons and education. I'm only a poor peasant—a hewer of wood and drawer of water. That I can read and write, is only owing to the kindness of a poor cure, who compassionated my almost total ignorance. I must come up to

The speaker was a stout-built man, evidently belonging to the working classes.

"I had other engagements," answered Gerard.

"Have you grown cold in the cause? Is your duty to the people of only secondary importance? Where have you been?"

"I cannot tell you; it is of no consequence."

"Do you know that to-night there has been a skirmish in the streets of Paris between the royal troops and the people?—that the sabres of mercenaries have drank the blood of Frenchmen?"

"No! And your society—"

"Is still in session. You know you were to be initiated to-night."

"Is it too late now?"

"Perhaps not," answered Rochefort. "Come with me."

And seizing Lorraine's arm, he hurried him down a side street, keeping up his rapid pace until they had reached the narrow part of a tall building of stone, like most of the houses in that quarter of the city. On giving a peculiar knock, the bolts were withdrawn and the door opened wide enough to admit their passage. The corridor within was in complete darkness, but Rochefort, taking Lorraine by the arm, conducted him up a staircase, at the end of which he pushed open a door, and then dropping his arm, requested him, in a whisper, to stand where he was for a moment.

Lorraine obeyed. In a moment a faint light was admitted into the apartment by the opening of an aperture in the wall which had been closed by a sliding panel, and Gerard discerned the figure of his friend standing close to the aperture. Listening intently, he heard him say:

"I have brought the candidate."

"It is well," replied a low voice from within.

The light then disappeared; and Rochefort, approaching his friend, laid his hand on his arm, and asked:

"Are you ready for the ordeal?"

"Quite ready," replied Lorraine, firmly; "and even anxious to submit to it."

Thereupon a door was opened, disclosing a screen of red drapery, illuminated by a strong light from within. This drapery was drawn back a little way, and then there glided before it seven figures, arrayed in long black robes, with their faces covered with black masks, one of them carrying a wax taper, which diffused a bluish light throughout the narrow chamber in which Lorraine and his companion stood. They advanced silently to within a few paces of the two friends, and then halted. One of them, the man who held the taper, advancing to Rochefort, said:

"Is this the candidate?"

Rochefort replied in the affirmative.

"Has he a brave and true heart—a clear head and strong arm?" asked the questioner.

"He has—I will be his sponsor," Rochefort replied.

"For what purpose do you seek us?" asked the questioner, addressing himself to Lorraine.

"To serve my country," replied Lorraine, as he had previously been directed to by Rochefort.

"Do you love your country above all earthly things?"

"I do," replied the candidate.

"Do you believe that the hour for her deliverance has arrived?"

"I do."

"Would you peril life, fortune, all you hold dear, in the cause of France?"

"I would."

"Would you deal death on the traitor who proved false to our cause, if so commanded by your chiefs?"

"I would."

"Even if the traitor were bound to you by ties of blood?"

"Even so."

"You would smite and spare not?"

"I would."

"Remember, that it is not given at once to penetrate our mysteries. Darkness brooded over the earth before the birth of light. In token whereof your eyes must be sealed before they can behold the secret things of the inner sanctuary."

The speaker then advanced, and producing a black cap, drew it over the head of the candidate. His arms were then pinioned behind him. Involved in total darkness, and in this helpless condition, Lorraine now found himself grasped on either side by strong hands and moved forward. Suddenly he heard the rush of water falling, and being grasped by the shoulder, was rooted to the spot.

"Mortal!" said a deep, sepulchral voice, "you are surrounded by danger on every side. The river rushes through the dark night to the gulf that no plummet-line has ever sounded. If your heart fails you, turn back while it is yet time."

"My heart does not fail me," replied Lorraine.

"Then move on."

Lorraine obeyed.

"Halt!" cried the same voice again.

At the same moment his breast was bared by officious hands, and he felt the cold point of a steel weapon at his heart.

"You have passed the River of Fate," said the same voice which had before spoken. "But you are now in the Forest of Steel. If your heart fail, you may yet turn back."

But Lorraine answered as before—"My heart fails me not."

The weapon, whatever it was, was removed from his bosom.

"Stranger," said the same voice, "the River of Fate and the Forest of Steel are passed; but canst thou look DEATH boldly in the face?"

"I can," replied Lorraine.

"Behold him then!"

The cap was removed, and there rose, full before the eyes of the candidate a pale, grim figure in the cerements of the grave, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, wearing on his brow a rusted iron crown. In his right hand he poised a long dart, and, as Lorraine gazed upon the apparition, the arm was extended and the dart, stretched forward, pointed to the breast of the candidate. One of the masked figures beside Lorraine, asked:

"Do you not yet repent of your temerity?"

"Not yet," replied the candidate.

"Then welcome, brother!" said the questioner; "worthy art thou to be our partner in peril."

The grisly figure of death disappeared, sinking through a trap in the floor, and in its place there rose a white altar, crowned with flowers. At the same time the room was lit up with magical celerity, lamps appearing suddenly to bound from the darkness all along the walls, and disclosing a numerous assembly seated on benches rising one above the other. A curtain near the altar was now drawn aside, disclosing a chair, elevated on two or three steps, upon which was seated a middle-aged man, clad in a black robe, with a red star on the left breast.

"Brother," said this person, rising, and addressing the candidate, "as Chief of the Order of the Mystic Star, I bid you welcome. Thus far thou hast bravely undergone the ordeal. Faint heart never won the key of our mystery. Thou hast fearless trod the paths of darkness—fearless shalt thou tread the paths of light. Remember that night broods on the threshold of every great mystery. Thou hast been told that night reigned ere paradise was shaped. It is ever darkness before the birth of day. And so from the dark hour of our country's fortunes shall spring the glorious light of liberty. Thine ears have been beguiled by the sound of rushing water, imitating the flow of the dark river; and thou wert told that thy footsteps were stayed on the brink of a precipice. That signifies that we walk beside the River of Fate in dangerous ways. The sword at thy breast was a shadowing forth of the perils of revolution. We must brave the sword, and bear the sword, to win our freedom. Liberty is a bride who must, like glory, be wooed and won sword in hand. Now place your right hand on that altar, and repeat after me the oath of the order:

"'I, Gerald Lorraine, a citizen of France, do solemnly swear that I will devote myself, body and soul, to the cause of my beloved country; that I will be true to my brethren of the Mystic Star, obeying in all things the commands of the chief elected by the order, even to the peril of life and limb, and to the shedding of blood; holding their laws and commands above all other laws, and to be obeyed without murmur or appeal. And if I prove false to this, my solemn oath, may death be my portion at the hands of these, my injured brothers.'"

Gerard repeated the oath in a clear, loud voice. At its close he was conducted to a seat on the lowest tier of benches, but close to the chair of the chief.

"Brothers!" said the president, "the business before us is of the gravest import. You have been assembled to-night for the trial of the first of our young but powerful order, charged with the violation of his vows and treason to his brethren. The accused has been allowed to speak in his defence. He has been heard patiently; but out of his own lips has proceeded his own condemnation. Accused of bargaining for the sale of the secrets of this order to the lieutenant of police for gold, after strenuous protestations of innocence, he has finally confessed his guilt, throwing himself upon the order for mercy. It has ever been our custom first to ask, in difficult circumstances, the opinion of the youngest member of the order. Brother Lorraine, you have heard the statement of the circumstances. One among us has betrayed his brethren, and now sues for mercy. What say you?—shall he die, or shall he receive pardon?"

Lorraine rose to speak. Every eye was fixed upon him, and a dead silence reigned throughout the hall.

"Chief," said Lorraine, firmly, "this case is not one, it appears to me, that admits of discussion. There is but one answer to your question: the man has violated his obligations—he must abide the penalty."

An approving murmur ran round the hall, which was speedily checked by the chief.

"But this was a first offence," urged the chief. "So much more important is the example," said Lorraine.

"And he is poor—has a wife and starving children."

"I pity the man," said Lorraine; "but I must condemn the criminal."

"What say you, brethren?" asked the chief. "Shall the traitor be put to death?"

"Ay, ay!" rung from every part of the hall.

"Those who are in favor of mercy will please to rise," said the chief.

Not a man moved.

"In the name of the order, then, I declare the life of the criminal forfeited!" said the chief.

A deep murmur of approval ran through the entire assembly, and was followed by an interval of breathless silence. The chief continued standing, and bending his eyes upon the new member, regarded him with fixed and compassionate attention. Lorraine glancing uneasily around him, found that he was the object of universal notice, and perceived in the countenances of all a strange mixture of curiosity and pity, for which he could not imagine a reason.

"Brother Lorraine!" said the chief, at last, "you will please to rise."

Lorraine sprung up as he was requested.

"Brother Lorraine!" continued the chief, "this night a sad and painful duty devolves upon you. You have sworn to obey the behests of our order, even unto the shedding of blood. In the statutes of our order, it is provided that when a new member is sentenced to death, the youngest of the brothers shall perform the task of executing the decree. This night the contingency thus provided for has occurred for the first time. A member has been found guilty of treason. Your voice pronounced for his death—by your hand must he die."

Pale and cold as marble, but firm and resolved, Lorraine listened to the words of the chief, and replied to him, in an unshaken voice:

"I am ready to do my duty."

An approving murmur greeted this declaration. At a sign from the chief, Lorraine left his place, and advancing into the hall, stood before the altar. The chief clapped his hand thrice, and the altar, sinking with the trap-door on which it stood, gave place to a block covered with black cloth, on which lay a broad and keen-edged axe.

"Behold!" said the chief, "the place and the implement of punishment. Is your eyesight clear? Are your muscles obedient to your will? Are your nerves unshaken?"

"They are," replied Lorraine, firmly, though it cost him a powerful effort to master the horror that his new office inspired.

"Then take your weapon!" said the chief. "When I raise my hand, you will lift the axe; and when I give the word 'strike!' see that your blow is swift, sure and trenchant. Warden!" he added, in a loud voice, "bring forth your prisoner!"

One of the brethren rose at the command, and crossing the hall, lifted the black drapery with which it was hung, opened a small door and disappeared. Lorraine, with the axe in his hand, and leaning for support on the fatal block, watched his return with intense anxiety. In a few moments, the officer re-appeared, bringing with him a man of middle age, who had been divested of his coat, vest and cravat, and whose face was perfectly livid with the mental agony he was enduring. Lorraine involuntarily uttered a groan, for in the person of the prisoner he recognized one of his neighbors, a man who had done him many kindly offices, and who had more than once shared his crust with him when he had been driven nearly mad by famine.

The eyes of the unhappy man were fixed on the chief—and seemed to take cognizance of no other object in the assembly. He was led by the warden in front of the chair.

"Prisoner!" said the chief, "we have sent for you to hear your doom. Your prayer for mercy has been submitted to the brethren, and the unanimous vote of the order is for death!"

"Mercy! mercy!" shrieked the unhappy man, falling on his knees, and clasping his hands convulsively. "I am not fit to die. I have a wife and children—they will starve to death if I am taken away from them. It was to put bread into their mouths that I yielded to temptation."

"Unhappy man!" said the chief. "Your prayers are unavailing. You must die!"

The criminal rose to his feet by the assistance of the warden, but he staggered like a drunken man.

"Is there no hope for me?" he asked, shuddderingly.

"None, but to make your peace with Heaven!" replied the chief.

"I have been shriven by a priest," said the prisoner. "But I still hoped for mercy."

"You hoped in vain."

"Tell me the manner of my death."

The chief pointed to the block.

At first the prisoner, on turning, saw only the massive cube of wood, the black drapery and the keen weapon; but as his eyes rose to the face of the executioner, he recognized him and, with a wild cry, rushing forward, flung himself at his feet and embraced his knees.

"Gerard! Gerard!" he exclaimed. "Spare me! We have been friends together. You have eaten of my bread and drunk of my cup; my wife has waited on you in sickness; my children have sat on your knee. You will not make a widow of the mother and orphans of the children. You cannot surely kill me."

The strong frame of Lorraine shook like an aspen. He covered his face with his hands, and the drops of agony, starting in great beads from his forehead, trickled down his fingers like tears.

"Chief," he exclaimed, at last, with a quivering voice, "is there no way to escape this office? Can no other be substituted?"

"None!" was the reply.

"Then be it so!" said the neophyte; and wiping his forehead, he stood erect, leaning on his axe.

"You too merciless!" cried the prisoner, recoiling from him and staggering to his feet; "then indeed there is no hope for me!"

"Prisoner!" said the chief, "our time is precious. Do not force us to use unnecessary violence. Do not compel us to bind your limbs. Kneel down—lay your head upon the block—and may Heaven have mercy on your soul!"

Thus adjured, the culprit kneeled down and laid his head upon the block. Lorraine rivetted his eyes upon the chief. The latter made the expected signal, and the glittering axe was raised on high.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERPOLATING AN OATH.

We were considerably amused yesterday at the recital of an anecdote illustrative of the difficulties which are sometimes encountered in the collection of claims. It appears that many years ago, the clerk of one of the courts of this section of the State had made frequent, unsuccessful efforts to recover the amount of certain fee bills, which he held against a slippery citizen residing in a neighboring county. Whenever the bills were presented, there was sure to be some obstacle to the payment of the amount due; and thus, from time to time, the settlement was deferred, until our clerk began to believe that his debtor should be ranked among those unprincipled knaves who infest all communities, and disgrace humanity by dishonestly refusing to pay their just liabilities. An opportunity was, however, soon afforded him of bringing the delinquent "to law." It happened that the fellow was summoned as a witness in a certain case, and the usual oath had to be administered to him by our friend the clerk. It was put in this wise: "You do solemnly swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, *and also pay me those fee bills you owe* before you leave this town—so help you God!" There was no getting over this, and being fairly circumvented by the wily clerk, the countryman lost no time, after the adjournment of the court, in proceeding to the office and forking over.—*Richmond Whig.*

COURAGE, MOTHERS!

Newton sinned away his early advantages, and became an abandoned profligate; but the texts and hymns his mother had fixed in his mind in his infancy and childhood were never effaced, and finally fastened him to the Cross. Cecil tells us that, in the days of his vanity, though he withstood so many pious endeavors, he never could resist his mother's tears. Wilson, late Bishop of Calcutta, in his narrative of intercourse with Bellingham, the assassin, says he could make him feel nothing till he mentioned *his mother*, and then he broke into a flood of tears. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."—*Vermont Chronicle.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

JAN STEIN AND HIS LITTLE PIG.

BY GEORGE C. RAND.

We are not of the number of those who believe that Frenchmen are invariably yellow-skinned and thin of flesh. Nor of those who suppose that a Spaniard always carries a dagger in his countenance; nor of those who fancy that under the soft moon of Italy, the regular evening costume of ambulatory gentlemen is a black domino, a velvet cloak, an avenging poniard, and a tuneful guitar carried, per contra, under the sinister arm. It is not certain that a Connecticut man can always be distinguished by his enunciating through the nose; and, speaking in general terms, it would be quite unsafe for any one to suppose that, country and birthplace being given, he could therefrom deduce the height and breadth, complexion and disposition, character and carriage of a person whom he had never seen. For example: the women of Alsace were not all red-haired; and the traveller, who in his haste saw fit to portray his hostess of the inn as an embodiment of the fairer portion of her townspeople, afterwards found reason to repent of his ill judged procedure.

With this introduction, we hope that the gentle reader will not suspect us of intending any presentation of nationalities in the following sketch framed from incidents related some years since by a worthy East India shipmaster, himself conversant with the individuals mentioned in his narrative.

Some twenty or more years since, a pretty little schooner, of seventy or eighty tons, ran as a packet between the Isle of Bourbon and the Mauritius. She was termed "La Bagatelle," and had for commander a bright-eyed, gray-haired little man, half French, half English, and half "reg'lar sea-horse." He was a queer chap was Skipper Sawker—a nickname earned by the frequent application of a certain expletive, which the skipper used with admirable confusion and impartiality. Monsieur Sawker was affable to the ladies, respectful and obliging to his superiors and equals, and though rough as an old seal when occasion required, always ready to confer a favor on the poor and unfortunate.

Monsieur Sawker loved money; but he loved kind deeds better: and to this last peculiarity fat Jan Stein would doubtless have been perfectly willing to render testimony. Jan was a Dutchman, who had originally come out to the Mauritius as cook on board an English merchant ship, and finding the region pleasant to look at, had made settlement therein. But Jan seemed not to have thriven well in the country of his adoption. He was always complaining of poverty and bad luck. He was never known to be "just right." Either "de plack tog had pit de red cow in de heel," or the wicked boys had stoned his pig and eat up all his melons; or else his sick *frau* had eat up "all de medicine as I would buy mit mine leedle monies, and now she vas so much sick as she never vas!" The neighbors accordingly pitied poor Jan, and lent him a helping hand now and then, in return for which services he rolled his eyes and looked unutterable gratitude.

Skipper Sawker had been induced by his benevolence to give the Dutchman an occasional passage to the Bourbon, where he went sometimes to visit a good friend who was, as near as could be learned, a mother's forty-fifth cousin—or something very like. However, Monsieur was somewhat puzzled on remarking that the Dutchman invariably had some small article of cargo which he said would take so much room as notin' at all; and the mystery grew as each time Jan came down with something which was "very leedle bigger as it was before."

Jan arrived one bright day, just before the time of departure, and watching with cunning eye the propitious moment, begged a passage.

"*Oui*, my good fr'en', you sall go; *mais* you sall bring von ver leetle boondle vil you dis time."

"Ya-as!" said Jan, with a face sunk in melancholy. "I must leave der leedle peeg den. I was carry one leedle peeg for present to mine goot friend, but now I must leave de leedle peeg —ya-as."

"Jan, you sall go. You sall take ze leetle pig. *Oui!* you sall go and take *two* leetle pig!"

The Dutchman's face became plump and smiling as the full moon. His little green eyes twinkled, and he rolled away, grunting, "Dank voor dat."

As Jan Stein went off, old Captain Jones came on, puffing with asthma, till he reached the end of the pier.

"Fuff—fuff. How do, skipper? What in the name of—fuff—Beelzebub are you about with that old sinner of a Dutchman? Hope you don't give the miserly dog a passage at less than full price?"

"Ah, sare, he sall not pay *jamais!* I never tekes from de *pauvres* ven dey ave no *argent.*"

"No *argent* be blowed!" roared the testy veteran. I—fuff—tell you that the old villain has this very moment more hard dollars in hand than you and I could—fuff—muster together. I know it; and if I were you, I'd skin the fellow alive and take his hide in pay for the passage money he'd cheated me of!"

"Begar!" exclaimed the now enraged skipper, "so I vill. Sacre—sac-r-re, so I vill!"

But Monsieur's vengeance never lasted long, and business summoning him into the storehouse at the head of the pier, he presently forgot "ze Dutchman and his leetle pig." Half an hour afterward, going down the pier, he heard a perfect Babel of squealing.

"Begar," exclaimed Monsieur, "ze leetle pig have ver' great boller!"

He rushed to the boat which was about to put off to the vessel. Horror of horrors! Two monstrous porkers nearly filled it up, while close astern sat Jan Stein, the very picture of a contented conscience. The skipper's angry objurgation would have shaken the serenity of any *common* being, but the Dutchman merely said:

"Ya-as, I vos vorgot, as de leedle pig vas more big as I dink he vas!"

Sawker shrugged his shoulders. With much labor and more noise, the pigs were finally secured on the schooner's deck. La Bagatelle set sail with a fair wind, while the skipper, beckoning his mate, drew him aside.

"Henri," said he, "dat rascal Dutchman lie to me, and say he not got no *argent*, and no can pay, when he have got de *argent* and can pay. Now I sall fook him. I sall make him pay vat he cheat me already. If de *argent* be not here, den something else do ver vell. *Maintenant*, you sall tie de string on ze leetle pigs' legs not ver tight. Den you sall drop ver leetle of—vat you call him!—Turk—turkentine!"

"Turpentine," suggested the mate.

"*Oui*, tur-pentine. You sall drop leetle turpentine on de tails by-and-by. Den ven dey make noise, you sall call me, and you sall see vat you sall see."

The mate grinned and nodded assent. Monsieur took a look round deck, peered into the binnacle, and went down to enjoy a short snooze in his berth. For a while all went smoothly on deck. Young damsels sat up aft and discoursed on the poetry of the sea. Old damsels and careful parents looked well to the contents of certain queer shaped baskets and capacious demijohns, while the old salts forward stuck each one a hand in his waistband, crossed one leg over the other and shut the larboard eye. All was peace and quietness.

But lo! of a sudden there came shrieks, and shouts, and curses, a running to and fro, a squealing and a grunting, a rattling and a crashing, such as were never before heard since the downfall of Babel. The skipper rolled out of his berth in a fright. The mate shouted with a stentorian voice down the companion-way:

"Cap'n—Cap-n-n! For heaven's sake, come on deck!"

"Sac-r-re!" exclaimed that worthy, rushing on deck.

What a scene was there! Two furious spirits in the shape of monstrous porkers drove fore and aft over boxes, bales and kegs, with tails erect and bristles set like porcupine quills; women screaming and fainting, men tumbling over each other, clambering up the rigging, and swearing at the Dutchman, who, palsied with terror, was hardly able to take care of himself, much less of his "leedle peegs."

"Mine Cott! mine Cott!" was his constant exclamation. "Vat is der matter? vat is der matter?"

"Mat tair suf-fiss ent!" yelled Monsieur Sawker. "You sall be dead right now, cef you no climb! *Montez! Vite!* your leetle pigs is gone mad, and sall bite you, and you sall die!"

This last filled the cup of Jan Stein's bitterness. He cast one look above, one despairing look around, and attempted the arduous feat. Alas! unfortunate man! His heavy, untanned boots entangled him on top of an empty barrel. That barrel was the barrel-head, and down came Jan into his stave-bound prison. At the very instant, whang came the biggest porker against the barrel. The staves cracked awfully, while Jan gasped out, in a cold sweat:

"Two—dree—yive dollar vill I give any one as bring me away from dis!"

"*En-haut! Vite! Montez!* You sall be bite cef you no climb!" shouted Monsieur. "Here he come! *Ici!* vere ces *non fini!*"

Monsieur seized a loaded gun, ran boldly forward and applied the charge to one of the animals. The report, the fall, and the dying squeal of his beloved porker, in some measure recalled the Dutchman to his senses.

"Ah, mine Cott!" he cried, in a dolorous voice, "vat vill I do? He vill be spoil bevoor I kan eat him oop!"

"Vat!" cried Sawker, as the second victim fell before his arm; "vat! you sall eat him! You sall die, begar! Vat, eat *un cochon* mad! A-a-h! Sac-r-re! Monsieur Zhones, you sall trow dem in de vataire. Dey is *non bon* to eat no more."

"But cap'n," said the mate, "couldn't we save some of the grease to slush down our masts? We're almost out."

"*Oui!*" answered Monsieur, after a moment's consideration. "Ver good. *Mais tiens.* Zere is no room to fry him out now. You sall cut zem up and put *le sel* on him, and by-and-by ve sall get to de land and we sall get zo grease out of zem."

So the "leetle pigs" were cut up, salted and stowed away in the harness casks. And the animals which had gone mad so opportunely, afterward furnished many a laugh and many a hearty meal to Monsieur Sawker and his jolly crew.

TRESPASS IN LEGAL PHRASE.

"Bless me, Mr. Pounce, what is this?" (He reads.) "'For that, the said John Snooks, on the 10th day of May, with force and arms, broke and entered a certain house of the plaintiff's, and made a great noise and disturbance therein, and so continued to make a disturbance for the space of twenty-four hours—'"

"That, sir, is the declaration in trespass."

"But the man only knocked; he didn't make any disturbance at the door for twenty-four hours."

"A mere formal allegation, sir, not necessary to be proved."

"But he didn't break in divers, to wit: twenty doors?"

"Pooh, sir, don't you see that it is laid under a videlicit?"

"Laid under a what?"

"A videlicit; that means you mustn't prove the allegation if it is immaterial; but if material you must."

"But what's the use of it, then?"

"The use of it, my dear sir! But you don't understand those things—they are vexatious."

"And what may that be?"

"Why, words that raise doubts, swell costs, and enable the professional man to make the most of a very small case."—*N. Y. Picayune.*

THE WIFE.

Miss Bremer beautifully expresses a good wife's duty: "If you will learn the seriousness of life, and its beauty also, live for your husband; be like the nightingale to his domestic life; be to him like the sunbeams between the trees: unite yourself inwardly to him; be guided by him; *make him happy*; and then you will understand what is the best happiness of life, and will acquire, in your own eyes, a worth with God and with man."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

IMPROMPTU.

To my Protege in California.

BY BLANCHE D'ARCHIE.

My kiss is on thy boyish brow,
My clasp yet warm upon thy hand;
My blessing yet surrounds thee now,
Boy in the golden land.

I smoothed those silken locks of thine,
And in the moonlight—cold and gray—
I bade thee go! and ne'er repine,
Boy, on thy weary way.

I saw thee from thy father's hall
Deserted, go to stranger lands;
And bade thee listen honor's call,
E'en amid golden sands.

And thou hast sent me first of gold
Digged in the ravine by thy hand:
O, tell me not the heart grows cold,
There in the distant land!

—If we yet in northern lands
Our hands in friendship twine—
Come! like the Spartan with his shield!
That "honor bright" of thine.

If not on earth—in spirit lands
I'll clasp thy hand in mine:
Boy! die like Spartan on his shield!
That "honor bright" of thine.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

AMBITION'S SLAVE.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

ARTHUR SEWARD was a young gentleman who had received a good common school, New England education, and who at the age of eighteen was engaged as an under clerk in a mercantile house in Boston, where he obtained sufficient salary to support a widowed mother and his sister Adela in respectable though straitened circumstances. A small income from the remnant of his father's property also aided to keep them above want, while the busy needles of his mother and sister augmented their little common stock enough to enable the family, which had once been affluent, to conceal from an inquisitive world the actual state of their pecuniary affairs.

A few faithful friends of old still interchanged visits with them, and though they lived "snugly," they lived in comparative ease and happiness; they had enough, and a little—but little—to spare. Arthur's prospects were good, as his talents were respectable and his habits moral and regular, and both mother and sister looked upon him as destined to make the future as bright as his father had made the past. But in an evil hour a fiend stepped into that domestic circle, and scattered their hopes to the winds.

Arthur had been in the occasional habit of attending theatres, when stars or other novelties were presented, and on one occasion of dramatic triumph, when a star of the first magnitude had received the crowning ovation of a benefit, he became filled with the idea of achieving theatrical fame himself; in other words, he became "stage-struck." On his way home, he reflected thus:

"What a blessing and an honor it would be for our family, if I should equal what I have this night seen. Become a star! How easy in a year to place us all above this mere drudgery! And fame with fortune, too! Glorious thought. And why should I not? I am young, have a fair figure and voice, with better education than many have had who have risen to eminence upon the stage, am a good reader, and have energy and ambition. I *will* try it!"

Making known his scheme to a few young men of his acquaintance, they approved it, and he set about "studying for the stage" in good earnest. He bought play-books and began at once to commit several tragic parts to memory—all star characters, of course—and not a leisure moment was unimproved in this way.

"What is the reason, Adela, that Arthur keeps himself so much in his room of late?" one day asked his mother, as they were sitting at their sewing.

"He is studying, I believe," said his sister, sadly.

"Studying what?" said Mrs. Seward, looking up, at the mournful tone of her daughter.

"Plays, I believe," was the reply. "He seems filled with nothing but dramatic affairs, and asks me sometimes how I like his declamation. I hope he will not let his head be turned as poor Walton did."

"No, Arthur is too sensible for that," said his mother, confidently. And the subject was dropped.

But it was not long before Arthur, with the eagerness of brilliant hope, confirmed the idea they were unwilling to entertain. He told them his plan, and awaited their opinion of it.

"I am even now engaged," said he, in answer to all their doubts of his fitness for the stage, and other objections, "to appear at the benefit of an actor next month. I am so absorbed in the idea, that I shall never rest until I try, and I feel confident I shall succeed. So don't try any more to dissuade me. What should prevent me from making a fortune? Nothing great was ever done without effort. I have read well the history of the stage, and I am resolved to be a star!"

Fixed in his purpose, his mother and sister finally refrained from their attempts to change it; but in silence, and with foreboding hearts, beheld the perseverance of his aim, from day to day, until the eventful night arrived. A moderately large audience, half of whom were personal friends and friends' acquaintances, beheld the "first appearance, on any stage, of a young gentleman of this city, in the arduous part of ——."

It was a very amiable and sheeplike performance of the great tragic character. There was some good, tame, school-boy reading; various evidences that the young hero, at certain passages, was conscious that a bit ought to be made, and tried to make it; and very many affectations flights of declamation; and the usual unbounded applause of vociferous friends encouraged the sacrifice of sublimity, till—the pigeon having thoroughly proved himself not an eagle—the curtain went down.

Deceived by the applause, and very willing to believe that his rose-hued dreams were beginning to be realized, Arthur put off his stage apparel and went home, that night, with elysian thoughts. His mother and sister, not judges in such matters, felt more reconciled to his course, and his acquaintances either flattered him from ignorance or good feeling, or out of pity refrained from honest criticism of his first attempt. Even the most severe told him that "experience would improve him," which was very true.

"Dear mother," said Arthur, "the star is dawning which shall shed light through the evening of your life; it is the morning star of my fame! Look here!"

And he pointed to a brief notice in a morning paper, stating that "the performance of the gentleman amateur, last night, was quite satisfactory to his friends—a fact apparent by their loud applause. He has chosen a difficult part, and we wish him success equal to his ambition."

This non-committal paragraph he regarded as the first bright leaf in the garland of his fame, and in the newness of his experience he imagined all the city had read it, and that henceforth their watchful and admiring eyes would be upon him.

"Arthur," said his employers, a few days afterwards, "we regret to inform you that we must part company. Your stage predilections are known to us, and we see that they unfit you for due attention to business, and that it has grown irksome to you. We are very sorry this should be so, and wish you could be turned from a profession where so many fall and so few rise, and where temptations, trials and sorrow more than counterbalance the empty honors and tinsel glitter and almost worthless praise which lure so many to an actor's life. Were you certain of being a star, even after years of such an ordeal, it would be less to be lamented. But you are, in our opinion, throwing yourself away in one of the most dazzling and melancholy lotteries of life."

Arthur at that moment seemed to feel a presentiment that the words were to prove true, and half ashamed of his romantic choice and the implied vanity of his ambition, had little to say. And there and thus, ere he had trodden the first threshold of manhood, he left the safe path which promised a life of peace and comfort, for one which spread a mystic curtain before him, beyond whose charming folds how many have ventured but to perish!

But like an unbroken colt, his spirit had learned no control from experience, and he was determined to indulge in his own untamed impulses, and wait the event, cost what it might.

Ambition! Marbleizer of the heart which had else been all tenderness, sealer of that fountain of tears which soften its callousness and nourish and renew the vernal virtues of the soul—how many precious victims have thy victims made, trampling on the dearest household gods, and paving the way to lofty misery with their fragments!

The infatuated tyro, out of business, was now still more eager to rush upon the stage, and many days he studied, while his poor mother and sister worked and worried. There was no more income to be expected from him. Happy if that were the worst of it!

Several times more, in different chief characters, Arthur strutted and ranted in public, breathing the musty, peculiar atmosphere of the stage as if it were hallowed air, and wrapt in the most monstrous visions of a fabulous future. He thought he rapidly improved—but what is his judgment worth, whose every thought is in a delirium like this? What is his sight, who, gazing only on the glittering summit, and becoming blinded by the icy height, forgets the length and steepness of the way?

Some sensible actors and the manager occasionally tried to dissuade the rash young man, as performance after performance proved that he could not attain his aim; but Arthur attributed their advice to lack of discrimination, or to envy, and though annoyed, determined not to be discouraged.

But discouragements will come, even to the most gifted souls, and the cold apathy with which he was received by audiences not "packed," like his first one, induced managers to laugh or shake their heads, when he had not the uncommon temerity in such cases to apply for a "star engagement."

"We couldn't engage you at any price," they said, "as we have novelties, or experienced men who are sure to draw. You must begin at the foot of the ladder and work up. We would be happy to accommodate you, but we must do what *pays*. Now you wouldn't pay! You are not known yet. You have, besides, no experience."

"But then," Arthur would say, urged by desperation to overcome his modesty, "you know that if a man has genius, real genius, it supplies the lack of experience."

"The public, my dear young man, wont believe that every tyro who thinks himself equal to a star, or approaching to it, *is* so because his name is in big letters—though I admit that big letters are often the only reason why some actors are thought to be stars. It is a fact that broad daubs of printer's ink have a magic in them, without the aid of which many asserted stars would be considered very poor, unnatural, beastly actors indeed. But it is a true manager's duty, my young friend, to discourage this nonsense, to advance our standard, and to save the stage from the contempt of the wise, by repudiating the censorship of fools. Because a tier or pit of ignoramuses coincide with printer's ink and make a great noise, when an imposter presumes upon a great part, we are not to submit to their decree. We like their dollars, but despise their taste, and should do all we can to reform it. Take my advice—I have felt as you do myself—leave this acting upon stilts, become a stock actor, if you insist upon the stage, and learn to creep before you try to walk or climb, or, more crasily still, to *leap* to the top of the ladder at once!"

Crest-fallen, and half doubting the manager's sincerity of friendship, Arthur, after having vainly tried to be at the outset a star, lowered his pretensions, and assuming a name, engaged for minor parts in a distant city.

The parting from his mother and sister was painful, but his soul was lost in misguided ambition, and he felt a relief as he approached the distant scene of his regular dramatic toils, as he thought he would now no more have their sad, reproachful eyes daily upon him, to dishearten and perplex him.

A gentlemanly bearing and a better education than is common to those who do the drudgery of acting, gave him a better chance than he would otherwise have had—though, despite this and his inordinate ambition, his very poor natural talents for his sphere placed him beneath persons greatly his inferiors in other respects.

In this humble vocation he first tasted the bitter cup of an actor's life. Around him were many ones kindly hearts which had been soured by disappointment and hardened by wrong, and natures which, even if not naturally base, had been made so by the inevitable tendencies of the profession. Envy, jealousy, hypocrisy were there, each morning tendering specious homage and friendship to each other at rehearsal, while almost ready to cut each other's throats. Silly affectation, of all sorts, artificial manners, looks, language and pronunciation disfigured the "professionals" of both sexes and all lines of acting, and Arthur, who brooded over his quiet delusion, thinking it a reasonable ambition, could not help contrasting the real men and women behind the curtain with the parts they assumed before the audience; and he came to the conclusion that, in general, actors are as much actors off the stage as on it.

He could not but see that actors and actresses were too often the mere creatures of the author and the audience—their minds moulded by the minds with which they were in constant communion, whose creations they exemplified, or whose applause they studied how to gain. Losing themselves, habitually, in this way, he saw how inevitable it was that they should become moral and intellectual harlequins—little of themselves, but a little piece of everybody!

"*Is* this the renown, and are these the generous, impulsive, gifted natures I sought?" he would murmur to himself, as he saw all the disguises of their mock life stripped off at rehearsal in the green-room, or in the dressing-room. "Well, I must bide my choice and bide my time. As Macbeth says, 'I am stepped in so far, that should I wade no more, *returning* were as tedious as *go o'er!*"

And here he did but as thousands of others have done, who like him too late have found their hopes of histrionic glory

"Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste."

When the warm months came, to eke out a scanty subsistence, Arthur joined a strolling company, and there obtained another view of dramatic life more instructive than agreeable. Lodging, food and raiment must be had, and he could save nothing out of the scanty pittance called "salary," which had been his during the "regular season." Besides, though his habits had previously been strictly temperate, late hours, exhaustion by study, the necessity of extra stimulus during performance, and the other temptations to drink inseparable from theatrical life, had induced a custom of drinking which had with him the usual influence of sharpening, then dulling the intellect—of exciting great hopes, then corresponding despair—of occasional excess, and invariable *expense*—so that improvement was the sad summing up of the whole, with those various little trifling, unpaid bills, which told him how he had trifled away time, and which made the strolling company the only ark of refuge when the theatre closed.

Even a most miserable actor can strut it out to his fill, in the country towns, and Arthur Seward occasionally, therefore, played "many parts" before the bumpkins, much to his own satisfaction and their bewilderment—he little appreciating the fact that rustic folks, considering, of course, that all show-folks are crazy, are willing to allow him to be the best actor who acts most unnaturally.

Not an inappropriate winding up of these romantic jaunts would be an occasional escort to the county jail, for acting without license or non payment of bills, and there the discomfited aspirant had awful hours to reflect

"O'er hearts divided and o'er years destroyed;"

over the tyranny of one manager, the cheating of another, the incompetency of this one and the failure of that, and of the general contents of that Pandora's box of evils—an ill starred desire to strut upon the stage.

In his worst misfortunes, he never would write home. "I'll send them good tidings or none," he thought, "though God only knows now—now that three years of trial have proved to me I never shall be an actor—whether good tidings will ever be my lot to send."

Released from jail, on one occasion, in the completeness of his destitution he "worked his passage" to a city, where, after much fear and trembling, he obtained a situation, first as doorkeeper and afterwards as prompter in a theatre—in the latter office sometimes "going on" when he could be made "useful."

At these times, when greatly stimulated by brandy, he would perform *almost* as well as when he made his first appearance, and before what little natural taste he possessed had been corrupted by familiarity with the examples of bad actors who had been placed over him. But being so very bad himself, he could not distinguish between good and bad models; and so, like most stand still actors, had a decided tendency downward, though hooked up in all the conventional monstrosities of manner, and though—having lost his "greenness"—having won the claim of being "an actor, but a very, very bad one."

Dissipation, after four years of variegated torture, immediately set in. Hope blighted and ambition gone, he lived only for the hour—to drink and live—to grumble with the common herd at being cast in parts unsuited to him, as if *any* part was suited to him!—to be snubbed by upstart stars—to bear any indignity with but a faint show of resentment—and though he never lost his sense of honor, to be a constant dependent upon the caprice of managers, and the good or ill will of actors less unfortunate than himself.

"Why do you not give it up entirely?" one night asked an acquaintance, to whom, in a moment of communicative grief, he had unburthened his story, giving an outline of his brief and inglorious career; "why not? You are young yet, and this ought to be enough to sicken you of a profession for which you see you are unfit."

Arthur lifted his blood-shot eyes to the inquirer, and in a hollow voice, beating his breast, exclaimed:

"I am too proud to recede! I cannot bear to go back. Baffled and dispirited as I am, how could I look my old acquaintances in the face? Besides, I have contracted this habit of drinking which would be still stronger when I left the daily excitement of an actor's life, and would be less tolerated in another sphere."

"But your mother and sister! Are you willing they should live in uncertainty about you—never to see them, never to aid them, lonely and sadly as they must live?"

At the mention of their loved names, Seward burst into a paroxysm of grief.

"My mother," sobbed he, "happily for her, is dead. She died while I was gone, and to make my misery the more abject, I received the tidings from my sister a year ago, while lying in jail. For months I had not heard from them, roving about as I have been, and you may imagine my wretchedness when the same letter said: 'I suppose you have heard that I am married, though I never received any letter from you which referred to it. O, Arthur, if your unfortunate ambition has not quite quenched every tender feeling which you had of old, I beg of you to write to me oftener than you have done, and say some word of comfort, for I am very miserable, and shall be doubly so, now that mother is gone forever. It may be'—I use nearly her very language—'it may be that you have been very fortunate, and that you are too proud, now, to own your poor sister. If it is so, I shall bless Heaven for your prosperity, though I may never see you again. But for the sake of our dear mother, who watches over both of us, sometimes, in your happiness among admiring strangers, give a thought to your sister, and do not despise the memory of your once happy home.' O God! I had known agony before, but this torture nearly maddened me. I repented—O how bitterly! But repentance for past folly did not bring with it the end of suffering. I feel that I am a doomed man, and I must bear it with what grace I can.'

Arthur Seward buried his face in his hands, and bowed his head upon the table of the saloon in which they were sitting.

"But your sister," said his companion, tenderly, "did she marry fortunately?"

"A respectable mechanic, I believe," said Arthur, "who treats her kindly."

"What is his name?"

"Mansfield—Edward Mansfield."

A slight smile was on the lips of Arthur's companion, as he asked:

"And what is *mine?*"

"Yours is—is Mansfield," replied Arthur, a sudden suspicion flashing upon him.

"Edward Mansfield," returned the other, quickly, "and your brother-in-law!"

Their hands were instantly locked, in brotherly embrace.

"Can it be possible? Our acquaintance has been but of a few days, and I never imagined this to be so. But why are you here?"

"I came here at her request, if possible to know your feelings, your situation, and see if you could not be induced to abandon the stage and retrieve yourself."

They arose, and arm-in-arm went forth into the open air. For an hour or more they walked the silent streets, beneath the stars and placid heaven, which seemed to smile upon the interview. And its result was as it should have been. The resolution made that night by Arthur Seward was the golden key of his after life. The brothers—brothers in heart as well as law—went home together, and love and peace were there to welcome them.

For the excitement which he had feared to lose, Arthur found a full and noble substitute in the excitement of pursuits for which he was adapted, and which walled around his earthly future with a horizon of honorable, unbroken happiness. Long ere he set his peaceful feet upon the hill of manhood's prime, the self-redeemed hero had been forgotten by the wayfarers in the path he once had followed, and on every side about him now, shine the substantial fruits of well directed energy. Those stars that shone, on the night of his resolution to be wise, he sometimes thinks his mother looked from, and that he made with her spirit, then, unconsciously, a star engagement.

CULTIVATING LEECHES.

Mr. Simmons, the well known English statistical writer, in a lecture before the London Society of Arts, relates the following facts: In view of the great value of leeches in the Materia Medica, some enterprising Frenchmen have recently been leasing marshes in Ireland, and sowing them broadcast with leeches, in the hopes of deriving large profits therefrom. Seven or eight millions of leeches are imported annually by three or four firms in London, and the annual value of those used in France is estimated at from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000.—*New Orleans Delta.*

THE DOCTORS AND HOOPS.

The editor of the Medical and Surgical Journal comes out strongly in favor of hoops. He says nothing can be more appropriate during the heat of summer than these light frames to raise the weight of the skirts from the hips and lower part of the back. He counsels moderation, however, and cautions the ladies against making such very airy sprites of themselves as to take cold. Yes, ladies, beware of the hooping cough.

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The standard of its literature becomes continually elevated, while its profusion of illustrations are finely executed, and of endless variety.—*Westchester (N. Y.) Herald.*

There who have been pleased with the past conduct and contents of this illustrated sheet, cannot but be delighted with the improvements under its new proprietorship.—*The Burr Oak, Juneau, Wisconsin.*

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Travel where you may now through the United States, you see this handsome and interesting Journal.—*Burlington Sentinel, Vt.*

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...sans of knowing that 107.000 of Ballou's ...printed.— *Evening Gazette, Boston.*

...aper of the kind ever printed in this ...ng with handsome illustrations of scenes, ... the past and present.— *Fredericksburg*

...serits the prodigious patronage it receives. ...C.) *Union.*

...pleasure in commending this matchless *Wisconsin Pioneer, Stevens Point, Wis.*

...ost moral, entertaining and instructive ...s of the day.— *Nantucket (Mx.) Inquirer.*

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...f its literature becomes continually ... exclusion of illustrations are finely execu... variety.— *Westchester (N. Y.) Herald.*

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...lean illustrated weekly worth having.— ...ans.

...d to anything in the art of printing we ...mouth Democrat, Freehold, N. J.*

...ent of the Pictorial is conducted with a ...rise which secures the services of the best ...nd mechanics in this country, who com... to render this sheet the most interest... *sit on the world.— Plymouth (Mass.) Rock.*

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...ttractive weekly that is published in the ...n *Star, La.*

...st should be on the parlor table of every ... the city, and in fact, a room fitted up for ...e complete without it.— *News, Newport,*

...ekly journal is doing much for art in this ... *Daily Atlas.*

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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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MERRY MAKING.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" A very pertinent query from Shakspeare, whereon to preach a brief lay sermon. The question, in other words, is—are sour faces and asceticism necessary to virtue? Must we measure a man's purity and uprightness by the length of his face, and by his abstention from recreation? We maintain the negative. We believe that man was not destined to mourn from his cradle to his grave, or to drag along through life as if he were going to his own funeral. Nature has indicated this pretty plainly. Your sour, smileless man is almost invariably troubled with the dyspepsia, while the man whose face is habitually wreathed in smiles has the digestion of Joe Miller's ostrich, which "fed on gravel stones and ten-penny nails, and was never sick but once, and that was when he ate some plaguey green cowcumbers." If the world were really intended as a house of perpetual mourning, it would certainly be dressed and decorated in a very different fashion. The sky would be one unvaried arch of ebony, and never across its huge concave would be thrown that arch of glorious abyss whose colors in the flush of evening, "play i' the plighted clouds." There would be no "silver lining" to the "torn drapery of the god of storms." We might "stroke the raven down of darkness" in vain—it would never smile.

And instead of the gay glitter of ocean, with its blue waves sparkling in the sunlight, and infused with phosphorescent spangles,—the wild sea fire,—at midnight, the huge concave filled with water would be a gigantic inkstand, spattering Day & Martin on ebony rocks. The flowers and grass would be one funereal hue, whereas now there is not a single black flower in existence, a dark purple being the nearest approach to it that the perversity of floriculture can attain. All our birds would be ravens, rooks, blackbirds and black swans; and the groves, instead of being filled with blithe melodies, would echo cawings, and croakings, and guttural laments.

But we are placed in a bright, beautiful and cheerful world, pervaded by the spirit of gaiety and love. Flowers strew the wayside, and high up on the snowy Alps expand their crimson petals. We are surrounded by sunshine, and flowers, and melody.

> "There's music in the forest leaves,
> When summer winds are there,
> And in the laugh of forest girls
> That braid their sunny hair.
> The first wild bird that drinks the dew
> From violets in the spring,
> Has music in his song and in
> The fluttering of his wing."

And shall not the heart of man rejoice amidst all these promptings to enjoyment? "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" It is true that sorrows are in store for us—a picture without shadows would be offensive to the eye. But a large proportion of our sorrows are wilfully created by ourselves. Let us then be rationally gay, and rest assured that a sour face and the austerity of a fakir are no signs of grace and goodliness in any person.

"THE BRIDE OF PARIS."—We feel no little pride in presenting our readers this thrilling story, written in Mr. Durivage's most brilliant and captivating style. His narrative is one of absorbing interest, embracing characters vividly depicted, and carried through a variety of exciting though natural incidents and adventures. Their private fortunes are most ingeniously interwoven with a series of historical events, in themselves wilder and more portentous than any the imagination ever conceived. The throwing off their chains by the French people, the mad and sanguinary saturnalia of the Terrorists, the restoration of order by Napoleon Bonaparte, his combats and his victories, afford the lights and shadows in which the personages of "The Bride of Paris" move and act. In a word, our author has unveiled a moving panorama, crowded with brilliant tableaux, and increasing in interest from the commencement to the close.

FRENCH'S AMERICAN DRAMA.—Among the recent issues of this fine series of acting plays, published by Samuel French, 121 Nassau Street, New York, are "Speed the Plough," "Old Heads and Young Hearts," and the "Red Mask." These plays are all finely printed, have the stage directions, scene-plots, costume, and every requisite required. They enjoy a prodigious circulation.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—We have some of the finest illustrations now in course of preparation for the coming volume that have ever been executed in this country. VOL. XII., which will commence on the first of January, it is resolved shall be unequalled on either side of the Atlantic.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—It is said that the following stanza actually figures on the signboard of a certain shop in New Bedford:

> "Here plas & Kake and Bier I sell,
> Good Oysturs stood & in th' shell,
> An' frigh'd uns 2 for them that chews,
> An' with Dispatch Black bates and shews."

THE RULING PASSION.—When Lord Tenderden was dying, he rose up in bed suddenly, took his snuff-box and said: "Gentlemen of the jury, you find for—" and instantly expired.

ZOOLOGICAL.—A lioness at the Zoological Gardens in Liverpool has three fine cubs, which he is raising with maternal tenderness.

SEEING THE ELEPHANT.

Some other phrase must be substituted for the above caption when we wish to express the view of an extraordinary novelty; for elephants have become about as common now-a-days as Shanghai roosters. There is hardly a village in the Union that has not been gratified with the spectacle of one of these unwieldy monsters marching in the train of a caravan, swinging his ridiculously disproportionate caudal appendage, or, if at anchor, "sting hay with his tail," as the Irishman said. It was a different affair some forty years since, down east, when the manager of a caravan rode on in advance to make arrangements for the accommodation of his quadruped for the night. He was told that he could have the range of the barn yard. "I hope there are no cattle there," said the enterprising proprietor. "Only my short-tailed bull," said the farmer with a grin. "Well, you look out for your bull," said the showman. "You look out for your elephant," retorted the farmer, "and I'll take keer of my bull." Well, the elephant was finally introduced into the yard. The bull, contemplated the living mass for a few seconds, and then lowering his head and elevating his stump of a tail, charged the leviathan with a full head of steam on. But a short-tailed bull had no terrors for a behemoth, whose amusement had been the destruction of Bengal tigers in an Eastern jungle. With one blow of his mighty trunk he broke the back of his rash antagonist, and there lay at his feet about nine hundred pounds of remarkably tough beef. "Jerusalem!" said the farmer, as he contemplated the awful ruin. "Jerusalem! Who'd a thunk that ere critter had so much grit! Neighbor, you can gin a feed at my expense. I'll heave down a couple er tuns of hay and two or three loads er cabbage. I'm satisfied—purfectly—I've *seen the eley hant!*" And that was the origin of a phrase that has made the tour of Yankee-land.

PEACE, OR AN ARMISTICE?

We should much like to know whether the suspension of hostilities recently submitted to by the emperor Alexander II. of Russia was intended as the foundation of a lasting peace between himself and his good cousins of the West, or whether he sanctioned it merely as an armistice, a breathing space, to enable his people to recover their wind, and go into the ring again with redoubled vigor. Since the Archbishop of Moscow placed the crown on his august head, he has exhibited unmistakable signs of "riding runty." He has shown a disinclination to fulfil his agreements with the Western powers, and has intimated pretty plainly that he shall allow no interference on their part with his particularly good friend, the tyrant of Naples. It is evident he determines not only to protest but to act against any movement that militates against the principle of despotism on which his own throne is based. Therefore, it is not at all unlikely that our ears may again be saluted by the din of arms wafted across the broad Atlantic. And if a European war must come, we hope and pray that it will not be a mere strife of sovereigns for the maintenance of the equilibrium of royal power, but that the people of Europe will have a cause to fight. Cruel, and terrible, and deplorable as is war, we should yet rejoice in its renewal were the stakes one in which humanity was interested.

A SHREWD TRICK.

A gentlemanly dressed man, staring at the sights in a Broadway shop-window the other day, was so unlucky as to fracture a pane of glass with the head of an umbrella which he carried under his arm. The shopman insisted on payment for the damage; the gentleman remonstrated, as it was owing to a push from a mischievous boy, who had made his escape. Finally, however, to end the dispute, the gentleman agreed to pay the dollar demanded, and handing the store-keeper an X, received his change and departed. In the course of the afternoon it was discovered that that ten dollar bill was a counterfeit one.

SHORT SPEECHES.—When will our orators learn not to waste words? A model speech was that of Mr. Northey, a worthy member of the society of Friends, in welcoming General Washington, when President, to Salem: "Friend Washington, we are glad to see ye, and in behalf of the inhabitants, bid thee a hearty welcome to Salem." That modest, little address embodied volumes of meaning.

HANDSOME.—One of our exchanges, in noticing a pugilistic encounter about to come off, says "Amateurs may expect to see some handsome sport." People's tastes differ; but it passes our ingenuity to discover the *beauty* of ensanguined nasal organs, discolored eyes, broken heads and demolished ribs.

JAMES E. MURDOCH.—This excellent actor made a great hit on his first appearance as "Young Mirabel," in the "Inconstant," at the Haymarket Theatre, London. The Daily News, a paper of great weight, speaks highly of the performance.

PLAYWRIGHTS.—The dramatic authors of France now divide annually above a million of dollars among them. Managers are obliged to pay authors a certain percentage on each night's performances of their pieces.

BREAD BY WHOLESALE.—An oven has recently gone into operation in Brooklyn, N. Y., capable of turning out a hundred thousand loaves of bread per day, enough to supply the whole population of the city.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.—The dancing has fairly set in and a large crop of hops will be harvested before its close. There will be a large amount of ball tickets to be footed by the ladies' beaux for fiddlers' bows.

SHARP.—"I always sing to please myself," said a gentleman, who was humming a tune in company. "Then you are not at all difficult to please," said a lady, who sat next to him.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS.—Cupid was represented blind by the ancients, to signify that the affections prevent the sight not so much from perceiving outward as inward defects.

SUCCESS.—There are two principles by which we may succeed in any undertaking—industry and perseverance.

SUMMER.—We complain of the shortness of our summers, but in Lapland the summer lasts exactly fifty-six days.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

"A little farm well tilled" is the motto for every good agriculturist.

Good humor has been called the clear blue sky of the soul.

Half the failures in this and every other country rise from lack of perseverance.

The Russian clergy recently purified Balaklava in the Crimea.

They are making paper at Cleveland out of Lake Superior moss.

Emerson doesn't know whether Oxford University has heard of our Revolution yet.

Misfortunes are like medicines—their very bitterness cures us.

The towns round Boston are to increase their police force to prevent crime.

There were 3374 white perch caught in one haul near Stratford, Conn., lately.

More than 100 coolies lately died on the passage from Hong Kong to Havana.

Burglars are getting to be as plenty as blackberries in London, England.

The health of Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, is said to be very poor.

The Germans of Louisville, Ky., have fitted up a theatrical hall.

The passengers of two ships lately arrived at New York were all organ grinders!

There are forty-nine persons in Paris charged with conspiring to kill the emperor.

The British will let the Musquito king take care of himself hereafter.

Maria Muller, Jenny Lind's cousin, is engaged to sing at New Orleans.

Fanny Ellsler was lately in Paris. Her hair is perfectly white.

Martin Luther said music calmed the soul and put to flight the evil one.

A high medical authority in New York forbids hoops and funnel sleeves in winter.

Francis Parkman is engaged on a history of Franco-American colonization.

Better do a little work well than half do a great quantity.

Douglas Jerrold, the great English satirist, began life as a printer's boy.

Ex-Governor Washburn is to reside at Cambridge as professor of law at Harvard.

Old tradition says that the rose sprang from the blood of Adonis.

A fine healthy child was born at Shrewsbury, Mass., without any eyes, recently.

A SILENT MEMBER.

When the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., made his first appearance in Parliament, after he had arrived at mature age, public expectation was excited with regard to the display of talents he was expected to make. But he was a silent member and never uttered a word. A droll fellow, partly to excite merriment, and partly to turn an honest penny, bought a few quires of paper, cut them in halves, and folding them nicely, cried out at the top of his voice, the "Prince of Wales's Speech in Parliament." He sold them at two pence a piece, always taking care to have the money before he parted with his pretended speech, and was off while the purchaser was unfolding the paper. To the outcry of the latter that there was nothing in it, he replied: "He said nothing—he said nothing." We wish a good many men who have no sort of gift for public speaking, would imitate the reticence of the Prince of Wales. One of this class, who always carried a lady with him to listen to his outpourings, on one occasion sent her a present of a pair of ear-rings. Her reply was rather ungracious: "I thank you, sir, heartily for the gift; but it was only right that you should ornament my ears, for you *bored* them long ago!"

SENSIBLE.—Two honest Hibernians in Lowell were conversing on the subject of night work, when one of them exclaimed: "Bad luck to the man who first invinted working by the dirty light of a lamp, when the blissed light of heaven is good enough for any one." "Musha, bad luck," replied his friend, "to the sowl of him that invinted working at all, at all."

A FAVORITE.—We find no exchange on our list which affords the home circle so much pleasure as that favorite and long-established paper, *The Flag of our Union.* Its columns are chaste, beautifully prlued, full of excellent reading matter, conveying a good moral always and in a most attractive form. We unhesitatingly say to any one who wishes to introduce a *ray of sunshine* to the fireside, subscribe for this best of the Boston weekly miscellaneous papers. It is edited by Mr Ballou, who has had long experience on the press, and who exhibits good taste and ripe scholarship in every issue of his widely circulated and excellent paper.— *Star in the West.*

SINGULAR AMBITION.—Goethe once said, "If ever I should succeed in getting up a work which should make Germans curse me for fifty or one hundred years to come, and make them abuse me at all times in all places, that would be my great delight."

A FIGURE OF SPEECH.—A writer of "high-falutin," speaking of the belle of a New York ball, in describing her bright black hair, said it was "like midnight braided with a sunbeam." Heigho! we shall never write like that if we try our prettiest.

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BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Mabel, the Rector's Ward: or, Truth and Treason in 1777." A tale of love and loyalty, by Major Ben: Perley Poore.

"September Dreams," stanzas by L. H. F.

"The Convict's Wife," a tale by Mrs. MARY MAYNARD.

"Sister Emma," verses by WILLIS R. PARSE.

"The Lunatic," a story by ESTHER BARRE.

"The Masquerade," a tale by WILTON RICHMOND.

"Seen Killed," Rome by GAY HEADLEIGH.

"Sixes and Sevens: or, How to have a pleasant Husband," a humorous story by JOHN THACKERAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The State of Indiana, delineated in its sanscrial bearings, illustrated by surroundings expressive of its development and prosperity. One of Billings's most beautiful designs.

Representation of a Chinese Mountain Traveling Chair in the Tea District.

View of the Harbor and City of Marseilles, France.

Another splendid two page picture, depicting to the life that struggling hour in our Revolutionary history, when the celebrated Battle of Cowpens was fought in South Carolina, January 17, 1781. This was one of the most brilliant engagements that occurred during the war, and the engraving is one of the most graphic delineations of Billings's artistic pencil. Every true lover of his country should have one for preservation and framing.

Portrait of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Governor elect of Maine.

View of a Regatta on the River Thames, at London.

A picture of the Kremlin at Moscow in Russia, and the Tower of Ivan.

View of the Palace of Petrowski, near Moscow, Russia.

☞ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

It is said the coronation of the Czar will cost Russia a sum equal to $5,000,000.

The Russian war medal will, it is calculated, be distributed to more than 1,500,000 persons.

Every seventh person died in Funchal, Madeira, during the first seven weeks of the recent epidemic cholera at that place.

Philarete, the Metropolitan of Moscow, who crowned the emperor, received from his majesty a magnificent cross covered with precious stones.

There are said to be more artists now in Rome than before the revolution — there being 224 painters, 105 sculptors, and 144 engravers.

Alexander Dumas, after a short retirement from public life, has again re-appeared in Paris, and seems nowise abashed by the recent exposure of his literary thefts and appropriations.

Lady Franklin, on hearing a rumor that Dr. Kane would leave for Europe, had a house furnished for his reception, and waits in anxious expectation the arrival of each steamer in the hope of meeting him.

Some French omnibuses and diligences have adopted the use of portable gas, which is carried in a cylinder under the feet of the coachman, and communicates by means of a pipe with a lamp inside the vehicle.

Herr Ahorn, the sculptor, who executed the celebrated lion modelled by Thorwaldsen, and carved out of solid rock, at Lucerne, died recently at Constance. He was one of the most eminent artists of the day.

A case has recently occurred in England, where a party levied black mail upon an individual, threatening to charge him with the crime if a certain sum was not forthcoming. A verdict of guilty was rendered, and the accused was sentenced to transportation for life.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

The end of learning is to know God.

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.

The greatest sins may be found in conjunction with the greatest knowledge.

Light is only a blessing when it guides us into the way of duty and obedience.

A man had better have all the afflictions of all the afflicted, than be given up to a repining, grumbling heart.

Keep your store of smiles and your kindest thoughts for home, give to the world only those which are to spare.

A too great credulity is great simplicity; and to believe nothing, because our narrow capacities cannot comprehend it, is great stupidity.

The Germans call a churchyard God's field—a beautiful name, suggestive of hopeful thoughts. So we should ever be taught to see it—think it.

In conversation use some but not too much ceremony—it teaches oddness to be cornered too. Demeanors are commonly paid back in their own coin.

'Tis a sad thing when men have neither hearts enough to speak well, nor judgment to help their tongues; this is the foundation of all impertinence.

To weep for fear is childish; to weep for anger is womanish; to weep for grief is human; to weep for compassion is divine; to weep for sin is Christian.

It was a proverb among the Greeks that a flatterer who lifts you up to the clouds has the same motive as the eagle when he raises the tortoise into the air; he wishes to gain something by your fall.

Joker's Budget.

What is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on? War-fare.

Simon seated beside his sweetheart fishing—"Sally, I wish I was a fish and you was bait. Lor'ce, how I'd bite!"

What relation does a pawnbroker bear to chemistry? He can be always used as a *receiver*, and is always ready to *melt* a watch.

When mothers pawn their most valuable things to obtain food for their children, what is that? Feeding their *little* pledges by means of their *great.*

A female writer says "Nothing looks worse on a lady than darned stockings." Allow us to observe that stockings which *need darning* look much worse than darned ones.

We see it rather indelicately announced by the English theatrical correspondents that Jenny Lind Goldschmidt and Rossini have gone to Kissingen (*Kissing-a-g'n!*)

A witty word spoken by a rich relative is a very witty affair—even when the wit is not very apparent; but nobody laughs at the wit of a man in disgrace, or whose coat is out at the elbows.

Somebody describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says: "He looks as though he had a hole in his pocket and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trowsers."

The Boston Post says that brandy applications are recommended for baldness, continued externally until the hair is well started, and afterwards taken in generous quantities internally, *to clinch the nails.*

The following appeared not long ago on the outside of a tailor's shop in the Kent-road: "Messieurs habillments fashionably fabricated, invisibly renovated, metamorphosed and depreciated, by Samuel Snydee, cosmopolitan."

Quill and Scissors.

India rubber, cut into thin strips and immersed in spirits of turpentine in a close vessel, and kept warm, will dissolve, and in that state can be put on with a brush, forming a water-proof coating for anything to which it may be applied. It has the objection, however, of keeping its *tack* (stickiness), and in this respect it is seldom used, except for coating wood or other work placed in water.

Female wages are still very high in California. Advertisements in San Francisco papers offer $60 a month, and $40 for a girl. A letter says: It would astonish you to see some of our servant girls in full rig in Montgomery Street. A $75 blue velvet dress, a $30 bonnet, gold chains and blue cameos to match, are not at all unfrequent.

The director of the Museum at Kertch has found in a small mound the catacombs of the Scythian kings, in which were discovered numerous articles in gold, silver, bronze, iron, earthenware, etc. The existence of the Necropolis of the Scythian monarch, mentioned by Herodotus, is thus found.

The London Shipping List says that cotton may be raised in any quantity in Western Africa. Many bales have been imported into Manchester as specimens of the native growth, and it has been pronounced, after examination by the Chamber of Commerce, to be of a most serviceable kind.

Among the passengers recently arrived in New York by the steamer Baltic is Miss Dix, who has travelled extensively through Great Britain, and nearly every country in Europe, investigating the various institutions for the insane, to the amelioration of whose condition she has devoted many years.

The Grand Protestant Synod, which is to establish an independent organization of the Protestant Church, and form a kind of constituent assembly of that church, is to be convoked by the superior ecclesiastical council of Berlin, and will assemble in that capital in January next.

The Passaic Ice Company of Jersey City are constructing a pond upon the old Beacon Race Course, to be supplied with water from the Jersey City water works, from which they expect to cut annually from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand tons of ice.

It is stated that the Rev. Dr. Pyne, of St. John's Church, in Washington, sold about forty acres of land in the environs of Chicago, about two years ago, to Senator Douglas, for $4000. The present value of the land is estimated at $100,000.

The citizens of Detroit have presented Capt. Macomb, of the Topographical Engineers, a breakfast and tea set. The plate cost nearly $1000, consisting of a coffee urn, tea pot, and other articles very richly ornamented.

There are said to be in Paris two hundred and seventy-seven municipal schools, receiving fifty thousand five hundred and forty-two pupils, and entailing on the city an expense of 1,325,400 francs, yearly.

The Kentucky American says that "the whiskey crop will be greater this season than it has been for years in Kentucky." The other great Kentucky staple, hemp, will, it is thought, be proportionately in demand.

Benjamin Franklin Gearhart, pastor of the Wrightsville, Pa., Methodist church, imitated a wild turkey so well that one of his hunting companions shot him by mistake for one of those birds, and wounded him fatally.

While a little daughter of Moody Burbank, of Waterville, Me., was standing near a window, recently, a partridge flew from the woods against the window, breaking the glass, and perched on her shoulder.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says that it is impossible to pass through the streets of that city without hearing profane language. Some of the streets of Boston are as bad.

The Romans are said to be greatly amused with the action of the fifteen mile railway to Pascack, which is the first specimen of the wonder of the age they have seen.

The costume of the Spanish ladies has not changed in two hundred years. They actually wear the same style of dress as their great-great grandmothers did.

The people of Winchester, Va., have voted in favor of the corporation of that town subscribing $30,000 to the Alexandria, Loudoun and Hampshire Railroad.

Virginia College, at Winchester, has been organized under the auspices of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

The bakers of London have made a reduction in the price of bread.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. King, Mr George S. Lasells to Miss Amanda M. Smith, of Mason, N. H.

By Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. Henry A. Blackinton to Miss Eunice W. Dyer.

By Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Charles G. Dolliver to Miss Frances E. Stevens.

By Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Joseph Burnet to Miss Margaret Hardie.

By Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Moses W. Dillingham to Miss Sarah A. Rose.

By Rev. Dr. Huntington, Mr. Justin Hinds to Miss Mary Syracuse Thayer.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hopper, Mr. Alfred A. Robinson, of St. Stephens, N. B., to Miss Maria G. Walter.

By Rev. Mr. Tappan, Mr. Charles H. Deane to Miss Sarah J. Stockman.

At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Langworthy, Mr. T. A. Rollins, of Boston, to Miss Ellen A. Lord.

At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Howard, Rev T. G. Paine, of East Bridgewater, to Miss Agnes Howard.

At Dedham, Mr. Thomas Sawtell, of Plainfield, to Mrs. Martha Poole, of Boston.

At Georgetown, by Rev. Mr. Prince, Mr. J. S. Moody, of Boston, to Miss Anna E. Tenney.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. A. W. Chase, of Haverhill, to Miss H. Ellen Tale.

At Oxford, by Rev. Mr. Judd, Mr. Waldo W. Goodell to Miss Susan H. Wakefield.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Girdwood, Mr. George T. S. Sears to Miss Carrie A. Palmer.

At Abington, by Rev. Mr. Ward, Mr. Thomas R. Reares to Miss Margaret S. Studley.

At Southbridge, by Rev. Mr. Parker, Sidney Clarke, Esq. to Miss Clara Pratt.

At Cohoeng, C. W., by Rev. Mr. Fimlin, Mr. Cornelius O'Neil to Miss Mary Ann Redmond.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Rachel Coombs, 87; Mr. Philander Metcalf, 56; Mr. Sylvanus Morton, 69; Mrs. Miles L. Green, 64; Mrs. Dolly Bacon, 63; Mrs. Dora A. Bachelder, 28; Widow Eliza T. Warren, 26; Widow Ann Lane, 70; Mrs. Esther A. O. Craig, 50; Mrs. A. M., wife of Mr. James D. Kent, 43.

At Charlestown, Miss Lucy J. Tinkham, 19.

At Dorchester, Miss Mary Elizabeth Tileston, 50; Miss Annie M. Mossley, 21.

At Roxbury, Mr. Thomas Mason, 71.

At Quincy, Mrs. Mary Ardine, wife of Mr. Charles H. Kimball, 26; Mr. John Hall, 56; Mr. James Sidmore, 69.

At West Cambridge, Artemus Locke, Esq., 72.

At Watertown, Mr. William Wason, 46.

At Salem, Mrs. Priscilla, wife of Capt. William O. Potter; Michael Shepard, Esq., 79.

At Newburyport, Mr. Rufus Greenleaf, 57.

At Weston, Miss Sarah Woodward, 90.

At Southboro', Mrs. Polly, wife of Mr. Henry S. Wheeler, 68.

At New Bedford, Ellen Gertrude Davenport, 17.

At Fitchburg, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Plummer, 36.

At Pittsfield, Mr. Lemuel Bannister, 87; Mr. Henry A. Robbins, 37.

At Nantucket, Mrs. Hannah Beard, 78; Widow Nabby Coleman, 87.

At Dennis, Capt. Zoeth Howes, 26.

At Northampton, Dr. Daniel Stebbins, 90.

At Wheatly, Lucinda, widow of the late Dr. Francis Harwood, 66.

At Chester, Mr. Richard Hall, 95; Mrs. Esther, wife of Mr Rufus Atwood, 75.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MOTHER, HOME, HEAVEN.

BY ROBERT B. MCKAY.

The first is where true love we meet—
On earth, the first words we repeat,
A Mother's name;
In infancy she stands a test—
Of manhood's age that friend the best,
And still the same.

Who could forget a mother's care!
Which in her heart is ever there,
For us we know;
Friends may depart when wealth takes wing—
But a mother's love is a holy thing
Of earth below.

Home, it is next our own "sweet home,"—
How dear the word to those who roam
On foreign shore;
Home, where the wanderer may find rest—
Home, here on earth the spot that's blest,
Home, home once more.

And Heaven, thou with mansions bright,
That turns the darkness of the night
Into an endless day;
May all regain thee as their share,
And Mother, Home, in thee be there,
When earth has passed away.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PROPHECY.

BY WARREN G. RAYMOND.

In the town of Singleton on the western borders of ——shire, stood, at the time the events transpired which I am about to describe, an old brick mansion, with stone facings around the windows and doors, and with balustrades and urns of the same material on the roof. In front was the court surrounded by magnificent elms, where a rookery had existed for centuries, whose inhabitants, during many successive generations had annoyed grooms and gardeners, and afforded amusement for the various races of children who had grown up in the mansion. I am a garrulous old man, and fear I must often ask the reader's indulgence, during the course of my narrative, but I cannot refrain from here pleasing myself with the recollection of those gloriously bright mornings, when I would be out upon the lawn, while the whole household, save the gardeners, were still asleep; when the lilacs in full blossom were bending under their rich clusters of blue flowers, when the shrubberies glistened like gold with laburnums, and the roses threw up their snowy foam into the air, as Cowper has it. Every plant and shrub glistened with dew, the robins and thrushes echoing to each other, and all hailing the glorious sun, as he rolled up the gleaming sky.

The back of the house was, however, the most pleasant to me. There was the garden with its wilderness of walks, hedges arbors, summer-houses, vines, trellages, fountains and canals. In the exquisitely cut basins, disported rare water-fowl with little, webbed, scarlet feet and downy breasts, and carp, too, with scales of glittering gold, came up the edges of the marble basins to receive their food from the fairest pair of hands that ever fed a pet. A high wall surrounded the court and garden, ornamented with urns and stone facings like the house, and on each side of the entrance gate, were cut in white freestone, two frowning leopards, the crest of the family who had occupied the demesne for many ages.

This, to me, delightful old place belonged at the time when I was so well acquainted with it, to Sir John Crawford, who inhabited it with his only daughter, the lovely Miss Anne Crawford. Miss Crawford was unlike an English lady. Sir John had espoused her mother at Valencia, and she inherited from her many of the physical and mental peculiarities of the Spanish women. There was a tint of olive in the pure pink and white, which is the characteristic of English beauties, but her skin was as smooth and polished as the finest marble, and her figure had a grace and waviness which I find it impossible to describe. Her feet and hands were so exquisitely modelled as to seem scarcely natural. I once saw those beautiful feet bare, glistening through the transparent water of one of the canals into which she had entered with her usual promptness, to rescue from an unpleasant confinement in the crevice of a rock, one of her favorite golden carp. I thought then that I had never seen a work of marble which surpassed the exquisite symmetry of those lovely feet. She always dressed with great taste, as I thought, richly but not gaudily, and braided her hair in a style unlike that of the other ladies who occasionally came to the mansion, but in a manner very becoming and charming.

Miss Crawford was all gayety and spirits, good humored, but wild and wanton, as you might expect, from having at an early age been deprived of maternal instruction and solicitude. She cared little what other people thought, and did everything she chose in her own way. With all her sprightliness, however, she never wounded a living creature, and during the long period that I knew her, I never heard a harsh or unkind expression. Some called her a coquette, I think wrongfully, though. She smiled and laughed with all the young gentlemen equally, it is true, but I attribute this to the natural exuberance of her spirits, and the warmth of her feelings. To this last trait, the love which she lavished upon the old knight, her father, bore ample testimony. And Sir John in return adored her; he lavished upon her everything which abundant wealth could procure, and his unbounded affection suggest. She played with his fancies, smiled him out of his anger, coaxed him into her ways, and in short, made him do everything she wished. In return she poured upon him the full riches of a daughter's affection.

I am glad I qualified the last sentence, for though Sir John had the full share of her filial love, certainly, Harry Mowbray, a young captain in the navy, had since Miss Crawford's eighteenth year, engrossed all the rest. He was an immense favorite with old Sir John, a man after his own heart; brave, sensible, generous, and what was of more importance to Anne, handsome to a fault. He possessed the frank and off hand manner peculiar to his profession; not that he was not in every sense a gentleman. He was a peer with the most scrupulous and refined, and in the rather elaborate elegance of his costume, excelled the most fastidious coxcomb of the Guards, while he did not by it conceal a heart of the most honest simplicity and manly sentiments. Previously to entering the service, and from that time until the acquaintance with Miss Crawford, his life had been embittered by a morbid remembrance which I must briefly detail, as upon it depend the occurrences I am about to narrate.

As Harry Mowbray was returning home on the morning after his graduation at Eton, he was met, on a retired road near his father's house, by a man of tall proportions and singular mien, who accosted him with a demand for money, with which young Mowbray instantly complied. Scarcely had he done so, when the stranger seized him by the throat, apparently for the purpose of strangulation. Harry was young and athletic, and after a fearful struggle, succeeded in overpowering his assailant. As soon as he had done so, the man appeared quiet and harmless as a child, and demanding young Mowbray's hand, studied its lines for a few minutes with intense interest. He then said, in a tone of painful and appalling solemnity:

"Young man, the crime of murder will stain your brow ere you count your twenty-fourth birthday; and at the midnight hour of that fearful day, death will take you with the bloom upon your cheek, and the worms will feed daintily upon you!"

The fantastic being who uttered this terrible prophecy, proved afterwards to be a madman, but so fearful was its impression upon Harry, and so awfully had the whole occurrence influenced his feelings, that his father was compelled to have him abandon his liberal studies, and procured him a berth in the navy, trusting that the vicissitudes of the service would cure his son's monomania.

I once heard Captain Mowbray narrate the circumstance as I have above described it, to Sir John Crawford, without exhibiting any evidence of the sensation with which he had been once affected by it. The impression originally felt by the stranger's prediction, appeared entirely effaced. And well it might have been; a smiling, laughing, coaxing, rallying, bewitching creature like Miss Crawford, would have willed the gloom out of the most morbid hypochondriac. I am not sure whether at this time he had told the story to Anne. It has always been my impression that he had. He did subsequently, as the sequel will show.

I once imagined that Miss Crawford was at first, what is called deeply in love with Captain Mowbray. She was certainly gratified by the devotion of so noble a heart, and consented with satisfaction to an engagement which was to introduce her to the realities of life and society, under such flattering auspices. When she was engaged to be married, there were no nervous headaches, no romantic depressions of spirits, none of that silly nonsense liable to attach to young ladies educated in comparative seclusion as she had been. She never supposed that the devotedness of Harry could preserve her from her due share of the trials of life. She expected much happiness in his society, but ecstacies were never contemplated.

The captain was entirely less reasonable. His attachment was that of a sincere and true heart, enhanced by that peculiar sentiment of admiration and respect, with which a seaman always looks upon an elegant, refined and beautiful woman. He would have exhausted his life-blood, if necessary, in the service of his mistress, and would have met danger or death to shield her from the slightest insult or pain. His was a tenderness like that Shakspeare has depicted in Hamlet, which would not allow the winds of heaven to visit too rudely its idol. His passion interfered sometimes with the natural grace and elegance of his manner, and gave an awkwardness to his expression and gestures. These indications of the sincerity of his love occasionally provoked Miss Crawford to exercise her spirit of raillery in a way which I could see sometimes hurt the young officer's feelings. But she never rallied him in the presence of Sir John, who loved him almost as well as he did herself, and if he had detected any of these little acts of tyranny, I am sure she would have had reason to regret it, dear as she was to him.

Well, they were a charming couple as I ever knew, with all their follies and peccadilloes; the engagement became public, settlements were in preparation, and the bridal day was set.

At this time, by Sir John's desire, Mr. Walter Debost, an intimate friend of Harry, came down to Singleton to spend a few weeks. He was a man entirely unlike his friend in every particular. Tall, pale, with an air of languor, a reflective and melancholy brow, and a resolute expression about the mouth, he somehow appeared from the first to cast a shade over the unbounded gayety and spirits of the household. He was al, ways characterized by an air of unaffected repose, almost amounting to indifference, a trait which I thought was displayed most signally on his introduction to Miss Crawford. He did not exhibit by a motion or expression, the slightest appreciation of her surpassing charms on this occasion, although she lavished on him a most bewitching smile, which I had thought no one could withstand. I overheard a conversation between Harry and his friend, on the morning after the arrival of the latter.

"Nay, Harry," said Debost, "do not require me to be infatuated, too. It is surely enough for one man to be deprived of his reason. But I can pity your infatuation. She is, indeed, a most attractive woman, which I must admit furnishes the only excuse a man could find for being beside himself. Only don't require me to participate in your strange emotions, or be draggled out of my wits by her allurements. You have emptied the cup yourself, and I assure you there is no poison for your friend. But don't be angry; I have no intention of mentorising. I could only wish you were not so much in love!"

Harry's brow at first darkened, but he answered in a saddened tone:

"Perhaps it is folly, but then she is an angel, and to adore her without reason or limit, seems to me the most reasonable thing in the world!"

"Something should subdue me but the ephemeral attractions of form and feature. But I may be judging her too harshly. When one spends his days in poring over books, and passes his few evenings with the fashionable and giddy creatures of society, who come so far short of the ideals obtained from them, it is hard, I admit, to be satisfied!"

"But can you see a defect in that faultless figure?" pursued Captain Mowbray, ardently, "or a blemish in that lovely face? And when you become acquainted with the attractions of her mind, and the sincerity and tenderness of her heart, I am sure you will be satisfied."

"*Nous verrons*," said Walter, smiling. "But here comes your divinity!" and he immediately relapsed into the seriousness and taciturnity which he had assumed in Miss Crawford's presence since his arrival.

I was vexed at this treatment. But Mr. Debost had unfortunately acquired a bad opinion of women. He thought them shallow, volatile and capricious. He believed them all coquettes at heart, delighting in trifling with the best affections of mankind, and exulting in heartless conquests. He had seen much of the world, though sedentary in his pursuits, and had taken his ideas of the sex from what he had seen in the frivolous haunts of fashion and dissipation.

Miss Crawford was accompanied by Sir John, who was about to pass her to Captain Mowbray for escort. But Harry's air, as he offered his arm, was too humble. It provoked her.

"No, no! I'm free yet. Don't let us anticipate, Captain Mowbray. You lords of creation can't appreciate as we can, the few hours of liberty vouchsafed to us."

Harry was annoyed, and his friend looked very angry.

"How do you like my garden, Mr. Debost?" asked Anne, with the admirable tact she had in relieving any embarrassment which her waywardness caused.

"It is very well. Did you arrange it?"

"O no, the gardener!"

"It is not *your* garden then?"

"Yes, mine exclusively. I flutter about it as idle and useless as a butterfly; and some think as ornamental," glancing at Harry. "But where else Miss Crawford, would have willed the gloom out of the most morbid hypochondriac. I am not sure whether at this time he had told the story to Anne. It has always been my impression that he had. He did subsequently, as the sequel will show.

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Harry's brow at first darkened, but he answered in a saddened tone:

"Forbear for the present; we will resume this interview in future!"

Anne had sunk down upon the floor. I raised her with the assistance of a servant, and bore her to her chamber.

During the day a challenge passed between them. In the afternoon, Walter's luggage was driven off to town, and he took lodgings in the neighborhood until the next morning, when the meeting was to take place. Miss Crawford was confined during the day to her room, and knew nothing of all these proceedings.

In the evening I was summoned to Captain Mowbray's room. I had been expecting it, and knew too well what his communication would be. But I was not expecting the scene which I witnessed as I entered. Harry was leaning over the bed, his head buried in his hands, the picture of utter desperation. His coat was off, and the excess of mental pain had given his features a haggard cast which was terrible to look at. His first words were:

"Guy, *to-morrow is my twenty-fourth birthday!*"

I remembered the prophecy, and durst not trust myself to intrude upon his agony with words. I could offer him no comfort; commiseration would have been mockery.

"Guy!" continued he, with appalling earnestness. "To-morrow morning I shall kill him, if I can, and to-morrow at midnight I shall die. I said, *if* I fire; but I *must* fire. I am as positive that no act of volition on my part could prevent it, as that yonder moon will never cast my shadow again after to-morrow at midnight. God knows I would not kill him if I could help it, but though I have for a time lost sight of it, that stranger's prophecy is as infallible and inflexible as the decrees of fate! I know it!"

I thought it would be futile to attempt to combat this horrible superstition at the present, so I heard him through.

"Do not afflict Miss Crawford with these particulars until to-morrow. I should be doubly miserable with the reflection that she was wretched. I shall leave here to-morrow morning at five. After *that* happens, I shall return to town *for the rest of the day*. I wish you particularly to refrain from mentioning these details, for Sir John would be sure to follow me, and I wish to be alone!"

"And your luggage?" I suggested.

"Ah, ah!" replied he, in a paroxysm of anguish, "I shall, alas, never require it more. To-morrow the seal is placed upon my lips, the deathdamp upon my cheek, and the worm feeds daintily upon me. Thus says that awful prediction. Comfort Anne in this, to her, great affliction. Tell her that I shall die with her name upon my lips, and her image upon my heart. Now go!"

The superstition nurtured in his youth, and matured in his manhood, so suddenly re awakened on the very eve of its fearful fulfilment, had struck through his frame, and paralyzed every faculty of his soul. He was a man of fine sense, and though he could not bring his reason to admit, I saw he could not bring his mind to feel the absurdity of a prophecy, of which no human creature could have divine assurance, because such divine communications have long ceased to be made. It was a mental calenture, presenting to his mind, what his reason detected to be a figment, but which his morbid apprehension substantiated into reality. He knew that he was weak and superstitious, but he could not control himself.

I slept little that night. At four o'clock I rose, and went quietly to Captain Mowbray's room. It was vacant. I heard a carriage rattling through the court, and out into the highway. As quick as possible, I had a groom mounted, with directions to follow the carriage, and bring me instant information where it stopped. I next directed a female servant to call Miss Crawford, and request her to favor me with an immediate interview in the drawing-room. She appeared in ten minutes, pale and tearful, but transcendently lovely.

"Miss Crawford, Captain Mowbray is on the eve of a duel, in which I have every reason to believe he will stain his hands with blood. I think it is in your power to prevent such a catastrophe."

"Heaven grant it may be! Name any sacrifice, any exertion! O, how readily I will yield to it!"

"Then, will you have the goodness to procure your cloak and bonnet? We shall have to make a short journey, this damp morning, and I will tell you my plan as we ride."

The groom I had despatched returned in twenty minutes with the information that the carriage had stopped and the party alighted at a spot about two miles distant, called Maylawn. Five minutes more, and we were on the road. Anne, pale, trembling, agitated, her features every moment representing a thousand agonizing emotions; but amid all, so beautiful and so angelic did she seem to me, on this errand of love, that I could have worshipped her.

I saw through the couch window the preparations for the duel, as we approached the spot. We were not an instant too early. The principals were already taking their positions, and, as we drew up, Mr. Welburne, the gentleman who acted as friend for Walter Debost, was raising the fatal handkerchief. I thought we were too late. My eyes were dizzy, my head swam, my frame shook, and had it not been for Anne, the fatal deed would have been consummated. With a shriek she sprang out of the carriage, flew across the sward, and utterly regardless of the peril she underwent, threw herself upon Harry's neck, and laid her cold cheek to his feverish face. The pistol which he was in the act of discharging, fell from his hand, his breath thickened, and shades of darkness gathered around his features, and he fell insensible into the arms of his second, Anne clinging to him.

By this time I had got out of the carriage, and we all, together with a surgeon whom they had brought with them, were occupied for a few minutes in bringing the captain to his senses. This was no easy matter. The excess of mental anguish had terminated in the complete prostration of his physical powers.

When he was finally restored, Walter Debost approached him, and with a noblemess of manner and of spirit for which I revered him, said:

"Harry, forgive me! From my inmost soul I regret all I have said, to have caused this meeting. Expressions which the occurrences of this morning have convinced me, were as unfounded, as I must admit they were unmanly. Miss Crawford, to you, too, I must sue for pardon. Forget my ill natured observations, my bearishness, brutishness. Your action this morning has convinced me, that my disingenuous suspicions were unfounded, and that your love for Harry is what I knew it ought to be, but what I feared it was not! Will you forgive me?"

He took both of their hands, kneeling down upon the ground, as the captain was reclining.

"From my heart I forgive you and am sorry for what I said to aggravate you," said Harry, very feebly.

"I assure you, fastidious as you are, Mr. Debost, that you may be happy if you are ever loved like Harry Mowbray!" said Anne, recovering her spirits now that the danger was over, and blushing through the pallor of her lovely cheek, as she made the confession. As for me, I was too overjoyed at this reconciliation, to do anything very sensible, so I stepped on Anne's dress and spoiled it.

We all returned to the mansion, a happy party. I say a happy party, but I must make one exception. Harry Mowbray, although Providence had unquestionably preserved him from the commission of a great crime, was still evidently under the influence of a depression which nothing could enliven or abate. He talked, and tried to be cheerful, but it was impossible to baffle the scrutiny of affection. He appeared calm but grave, and there was an occasional wildness in his eye which disquieted us exceedingly. None of us alluded to his strangeness of manner, and being all under manifest restraint, the breakfast was finished quickly, and we separated. I saw Harry proceed directly to his room.

After breakfast Sir John sent for me. I found him in his apartment with Anne, her lovely face blistered with weeping.

"Guy," said the old knight, "something preys on Captain Mowbray's mind, and Anne thinks you can tell us what it is."

"To-day is his *twenty fourth birthday!*" replied I.

"Ah yes!" said Sir John, greatly startled. I saw by Anne's manner that she *knew* it was the fatal birthday.

"He should have a physician!" said Sir John. "At least, he should be closely observed!"

"I have already assumed that duty!" replied I.

Anne came and put that little white hand in mine.

"Thank you, thank you, Guy! I trust him to your honor and sagacity, implicitly!"

I could have fallen on my knees and kissed the hem of her morning-robe.

Harry never left his room until dinner-time. I stood sentinel in the corridor during the whole of that sad morning, determined not to lose the evidence of his presence. He walked the apartment part of the time, and seemed to be uttering faint moans. He came down to dinner, with his face flushed and his brow haggard, but his person exquisitely neat, and his dress adjusted with scrupulous care. The occasional convulsive quiver of the lip, and strong compression of the eyelid, showed that there was a fearful agitation within him. He tried to appear undisturbed, and occasionally entered into conversation with Anne, who watched him during the whole meal with the most curious scrutiny. His efforts, however, were utterly fruitless to conceal his emotions, and the dinner passed off like the breakfast, with little satisfaction to any of us.

He returned straight to his room, without entering the drawing-room, and I resumed my station in the corridor. Five, six, and seven o'clock and I was still in my position, listening alternately to his groans and heavy footsteps. Every ten minutes Anne, or Sir John, or Walter came up to make inquiries. At half-past seven we always went down to tea, and I expected then to see Harry emerge from his apartment. He did not, however, but continued pacing across the floor. The footsteps now began to grow quicker and heavier, the groans louder and more anguishing. Eight and nine passed, and at ten I knocked gently at the door. I received no answer and resumed my station, to listen to the monotonous footfalls. Eleven o'clock boomed solemnly from the church tower, and Anne, who was beside me, requested me to enter his room and see him at all hazards. I knocked and tried the door. It was fast. At half-past eleven the footsteps had ceased entirely, and yielding to the repeated entreaties of Miss Crawford, a few minutes afterwards I burst open the door. Harry was tossing on the bed in a state of uncontrollable anguish. His limbs were twitching convulsively, his whole frame was shivering, and his mouth uttering the most agonizing moans. Within arm's reach of him, on his dressing table, I noticed with a shudder his razor case. This I conveyed to my pocket instantly and without ceremony. His first inquiry was: "Ah, Guy, what hour is it?"

"A quarter to twelve," I answered.

"Ha! He has not yet proved himself a false prophet!" screamed he, leaping from the bed, and grasping blindly at the dressing-table where his razor case *was*. I threw my arms around him as gently as I could, and as I was then a strong man, in spite of his demoniac struggles, replaced him on the bed, where I held him firmly until his exertions had completely tired him out, and he lay as quiet as a lamb in my arms. It now wanted only five minutes of the conclusion of the day, and I continued thus firmly embracing him, without either uttering a syllable, until the clock began striking twelve. His eyes glared wildly, and I thought there would be another struggle. But no; his muscles relaxed, his eyelids closed, and as the clock stopped striking, he said, faintly but earnestly, and with an air of ineffable relief: "Thank God! Thank God, it is over! Guy, to you I owe my life!"

My story is closed, reader. They were married in the village chapel of Singleton on the next day week, and their lives were passed in the enjoyment of mutual love and confidence, without a cloud to darken their conjugal horizon.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SUMMER RAIN.

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

The summer rain—the gentle rain,
That's trickling on my brow
So lightly, seems to seal again
My old baptismal vow.

I almost feel the drops come down
From off Christ's fingers now;
And O, they seem to lave the frown
Of sin from off my brow.

The summer rain—the gentle rain—
God's blessing with it now,
Descends upon the thirsty grain,
And on my fevered brow.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE ELOPEMENT OF MISS NIOBE NEPENTHE NOGG.

BY WALTER DANFORTH.

In a retired corner of the respectable town of Boylston, lived, at the era of which I am about to speak, Mr. Trichopherous Smith. And I may as well inform the topographical inquirer at the outset, that no amount of investigation, however diligent, will be at all profitable, or enable him to discover the locality in question upon any atlas or map in his possession. He must also, upon my authority, admit the individuality of the characters with which I am about to make him acquainted—a favor which I shall always be willing to accord him upon any similar occasion.

Mr. Trichopherous Smith assiduously devoted himself to a profession which, as he somewhat romantically remarked, was his earliest and only choice—the highly respectable and to him lucrative one of tailor. Mr. Smith was besides somewhat of a dabbler in literature. He courted the muses while his goose was warming, and on one occasion wrote a poem upon the somewhat extensive and exalted theme—"The Sun." But this was by no means his only production. His talents were of the versatile order. He ascended and descended with his subject—or, to speak more properly, his subject ascended and descended with him—an idiosyncrasy of genius by no means confined to Mr. Trichopherous Smith. Mr. Smith had written "A Sonnet to a Crab," an "Ode to an Angle Worm," and executed divers other feats of composition which would be eminently worthy of notice were I writing to commemorate exclusively his poetical powers. Of his personal appearance, I shall only observe that he so decorated his ninth moiety of humanity, as to exhibit to the best advantage the latest pattern and cut. He scorned to patronize the venal journals whose editors had turned up their noses whenever his genius effervesced into a poem or ode, and advertised his art *in persona*.

Precisely across the way from Mr. Smith's place of business resided a young lady, with the delightfully alliterative appellation, Niobe Nepenthe Nogg. For thirty-five successive years had Miss N. N. Nogg, as she delighted to write herself, been floundering in the helpless slough of celibacy. Stubbs the barber, who occupied her father's front basement, had once made overtures to her. He had presented her a cake of Windsor soap, and a pot of highly flavored pomatum. But Stubbs was a heartless rogue, and it must be admitted, on this occasion carried his tonsorial peculiarities too far, for he unquestionably inflicted upon Miss Niobe Nogg a most unscrupulous shave.

Melancholy was fast marking Miss Nogg for her own. She had already resigned herself to Dr. Dodd and the "Paradise Lost," when a view of Mr. Trichopherous Smith re-ignited the slumbering embers of her too susceptible heart. Having long desired to be settled in life, as she practically phrased it, here was the opportunity. Smith was the man. Hour after hour, she sat by her little window in the second story, taking an inventory of Mr. Smith's chattels, personal and real, before she decided him to be a merchantable article—that is, ere she determined in her own mind that he was taxed for enough to compensate for the flood of affection with which she intended to inundate him. She concluded, finally, that he was, and communicated the fact to the senior Nogg, who congratulated her upon the ardency of her passion, and advised her to make it as much more ardent as the worldly circumstances of Mr. Trichopherous Smith seemed to demand.

It was a pleasant evening; Mr. Smith, released from the laborious duties of his useful calling, was revelling in a German cigar—not five minutes before purchased across the way, at the counter of Shimeon Nogg. He was in a state of enviable beatitude. His thoughts were soaring with the smoke of the German cigar into the roadless and guide-postless regions of fancy, and within the chambers of his prolific brain he was concocting material for a new poem, when there was a knock at the street door, and Mr. Trichopherous Smith descending from his sublime eminence, in a very pleasant tone of voice said, "come in." A small boy, with a large and very dirty face, appeared and gave Mr. Smith a note. His countenance wore an uncommonly happy expression, as he benignantly waved the boy out of the street door, and carefully broke the seal, with visions of an extensive and profitable order dancing before his retina. He read:

"Mr. Trichopherous Smith:

"Sir,—Unless you instantly fulfil your engagements with the daughter of my client, Mr. Simeon Nogg, legal proceedings will forthwith be instituted against you.

"Yours respectfully,

"Spunge Affidavit, *Ff'f's Att'y.*"

It may be superfluous to observe that the poem which Mr. Smith had been ruminating, was very hastily driven out of his head by this strange epistle, and to this day he has been unable to recall the elements of it. When he recovered his senses on this occasion, by a natural instinct he first looked around for the German cigar. He then commenced a searching self investigation in this wise: "What in the deuce have I to do with the feminine Nogg? Did I ever speak with her? Did I ever see her, except through that infernal window? Ha, ha! How stupid I am! I see through it now. Excellent joke! Funny fellow that Nogg! Engagements with his daughter—that's excellent! Ha, ha-a-a!"

But this last cachination nearly choked Mr. Trichopherous Smith, and he had relapsed into the fearful again long before its echoes ceased reverberating through his limited premises.

"Never," observed he with dignity, "have I trifled with the affections of Miss Nogg. Never have I blighted the budding sensibilities of that grocer's daughter! It is a mistake. I'm not the man. I'm the virtuous Mr. T. Smith. I'll call on Mr. Affidavit this moment!"

Mr. Affidavit greeted him with a warmth truly affecting.

"It wont do, old boy," said Smith, in a tone intended to be excessively knowing and funny; "it's all very well, but it wont do, I tell you! Thought I wouldn't be up to it—eh!" And Mr. Smith very evidently intended to give the legal man a poke in the ribs.

Affidavit was perpendicular in an instant.

"I am afraid you wont find it so much of a joke as you anticipate, sir! Ingratiate yourself into the affections of a confiding female, then abandon her as you have done, and call it a joke! It may be an excellent jest, sir, but you'll find it an expensive one. The damages are laid at twenty-five thousand dollars."

"O!" gasped the miserable Smith.

"I ordinarily," resumed the magnanimous Affidavit, "take merely a professional interest in my clients' cases, but the enormities of this transaction have induced me to assume it as my own, and I now warn you that I shall follow appeal with appeal, if necessary, to obtain exemplary damages for this heartless desertion!"

"Get a big retainer!" suggested Smith, though his heart was in his throat.

"I scorn your insendoes, as I despise your inhumanity. Mr. Smith, you are a pitiable object."

"Am I?" asked Smith. I don't look so bad, do I, as I shall when you get the twenty-five thousand, exemplary damages?

"I gave you credit for some feeling, Mr. Smith. But I should have known that a man who could ruthlessly invade the bosom of a peaceful family, and snatch from it an innocent and exquisite—"

"Nogg," intimated Smith.

"Farewell, sir!" And Mr. Affidavit disappeared magnificently within a back office.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars—ha!" groaned Trichopherous, and immediately congratulated himself that they had calculated about twenty-four thousand five hundred dollars ahead of his estate real and personal.

In no equable frame of mind he betook himself to the habitation of the Noggs. Nogg senior personally answered his summons.

"Hs, Mr. Smith! Glad to see you! Been waiting for you!"

"The deuce you have!" thought Smith.

As they entered the little back parlor, the maternal Nogg was discovered bending over Niobe Nepenthe, who was wilting as rapidly and satisfactorily as the exigencies required.

"Ah, Mr. Smith, we've been expecting you," said Mrs. Nogg.

"Ahem," said Smith.

"Niobe Nepenthe, here is Mr. Smith."

"Tell me not of Smith!" exclaimed Niobe Nepenthe, theatrically.

"O dear. That's the hysterics again. Nogg, bring me the camphor!"

"I should think the young woman was unwell," said Smith, coolly.

"I should rather think she was," replied Nogg, sarcastically. "She has endured enough for the past week to use up a stronger constitution!"

"It's the pangs of disappointed affection!" explained Mrs. Nogg.

"Better give her an anodyne!" said Smith.

"O, it's too much—too much indeed!" gasped Niobe Nepenthe, and relapsed again.

"Then try some strong tea," said Smith, anxious to relieve Miss Nogg.

"Mr. Smith," observed Nogg, severely.

"Sir!"

"Do you come here to add insult to the injuries you have inflicted on my family? After having brought our dear Niobe Nepenthe to her present state, do you come here to mock her misery?"

"No, sir, I came here upon personal business with you. I had no intention of surprising your daughter in such a very miserable state, I assure you. But I don't understand you, when you say I am the cause of Miss Nogg's situation."

"O, no! You haven't been writing her the most affectionate and tender letters for a month past, and we haven't every one, with your signature, in our possession at this moment—O no! Perhaps you would like to see some of them!" And the amiable Nogg showed half a dozen with "Your own Trichopherous," legibly written at the bottom of each.

"It's a lie, sir. I never wrote one of those letters to your daughter. It's a tale as baseless as the fabric of a vision. What in the deuce do you mean, sir, by coercing me into a marriage with your daughter?—by foisting your Niobe Nepenthe upon me? I have shown her no attention—never intended to—never mean to. Those letters are forgeries, and you know it, sir; and if you expect that such vile counterfeits will force me to marry your daughter, you are mistaken, sir. I'll never do it!"

"Then we shall sue you for damages, Mr. Smith. The sovereign law shall take its course—shall it not, Niobe dear?"

Nogg was majestic. Niobe faintly articulated: "I fear it must!"

Mr. Trichopherous Smith took his leave of the Noggs with the impression that the result of his visit was not entirely satisfactory. On reaching his humble quarters, he ignited the small fraction of a penny dip just perceptible above the neck of a junk bottle, which graced the mantel shelf, and intend' g to devote his entire faculties to the present crisis, commenced by filling his shop with a portentous and terrible groan. The door opened, and ahead with immense whiskers and an immense nose made its appearance.

"Snigger!"

"Smith!"

"O, Snigger!"

"What is the matter?"

"I'm done for!"

"Who's done it?"

"Here it is," said Smith, passing him Affidavit's letter. "Damages twenty-five thousand dollars. That's too good! Twenty-five thousand—ha, ha! Snigger, did you ever see a miserable wretch?"

"But why don't you go to old Nogg? Entreat him, beg him—"

"Ha, ha! Beg Nogg—egg Nogg—e-e-egg Nogg!" said Smith, hysterically, unconscious in his misery how awfully he was trifling with the king's English. "Snigger, I shall sink under it. I sha'n't survive it—I feel it. You'll find fourteen barrels of cabbage, and the manuscript of 'Weep not for me,' in the little back room, first floor. I make you my executor. Those items will pay the funeral expenses, with a fee to the shroud-maker, and an extra dime apiece to the two sextons for drinks. Don't impair the real estate, but sell it entire; invest the proceeds in government stock, and distribute the interest among the small boys of the town to throw stones at that infernal window opposite, when Niobe Nepenthe Nogg sits all day watching me, with the eyes of a basilisk!"

"Nonsense, Smith! Don't be a fool!"

"I can't help it—I'm done for!" said Smith.

"Tell me the circumstances!"

"The circumstances are, that I was sitting at my shop window smoking a cigar this evening, when Affidavit sent me that note. Those are all the circumstances. Plain case—don't you think so? Very plain—I think so—Affidavit thinks so—so does Nogg! O, Snigger, I'm not long for this world!"

"Now see here, my slightly demented friend," remarked the indignant Snigger, "if you will drop this unintelligible style of conversation for a few moments, and tell me how you got into the scrape, I'll do all I can to get you out of it. If you don't, I'm blessed if I don't have the Noggs over here, en masse, in five minutes!"

"O don't!" gasped Smith.

"What have you been writing letters for, to Miss Niobe Nepenthe Nogg?"

"Never wrote her a syllable, upon my soul!"

"Never paid your addresses to her?"

"Never!"

"Ogled?"

"No!"

"Squinted?"

"Not a squint!" said Smith, emphatically.

"It is very strange!" said Snigger. "Did you ever address letters to any other woman?"

"I have!" exclaimed Trichopherous, suddenly resuscitated. "Snigger, you've got it! They've somehow or other got in their possession my letters to the lamented Belinda Beverly. I know it!"

"Whew!" whistled Snigger. "Scratched out the defunct Beverly and substituted the euphonious Nogg! I see it all! Smith, you're preciously victimized!"

"There never was any address," moaned Smith. "We were afraid of the old gentleman."

Snigger buried both arms in his pantaloons pockets up to the elbows, and eyed a crack in the floor with an expression of intense thought. The result of the exertion was evidently satisfactory, for he presently removed his arms from his pockets, and buttoned the lower button of his waistcoat with a savage determination, which indicated that a conclusion had been arrived at.

"Smith, how's old Nogg, pecuniarily?"

"Five thousand in real estate, and ten more out at seven per cent., well secured by bond and mortgage!" Smith spoke like an automaton.

"Any more Niobe Nepenthes?"

"No, thank the fates!"

"Then I think you're a precious fool not to try the happiness of connubiality with the feminine Nogg!"

"I'd as soon marry a giraffe!"

"You're quite sure about the ten thousand at seven per cent., are you?"

"Positive—I drew the bonds. None of them could write!"

"And old Nogg likes his daughter? He hasn't made an absurd will, nor anything of that sort, has he?"

"O, no!" said Smith.

"Hum, hum!" mused the cautious and calculating Mr. Snigger, rubbing his lips playfully with his thumb and fore-finger. "I think it'll do. See here, Smith!"

Mr. Snigger's communication, which will duly appear in the sequel, caused Mr. Trichopherous Smith's eyes to dilate in a truly wonderful manner. It had an equally astonishing effect upon most of his other organs. He rose and embraced in a very frantic manner Mr. Solomon Snigger, until that gentleman was under the necessity of informing him, which he did in a very gentlemanly way, that the human frame possessed neither the compressibility nor insensibility of gutta percha.

"It'll do—wont it?" inquired Snigger, modestly.

"Of course it will. O, Snigger, my preserver and benefactor!"

Mr. Trichopherous Smith rose the next morning at a much earlier hour than usual. With scrupulous care he adjusted the folds of a new Prince de Joinville tie, and for three quarters of an hour manipulated at his hair, which was redolent with an extra allowance of Smith's ox marrow pomatum. It was an eventful era in Mr. Smith's mogotonous existence. He was preparing to subdue. It was his intention to call upon Miss N. N. Nogg—to pay her his *devoirs*, as soon as he had devoured his breakfast, as Tom Hood would say. With feverish haste, he despatched his frugal meal and crossed over to Nogg's.

"Is Niobe Nepenthe in?" inquired he, timidly, of Mrs. Nogg, who in a not very elegant morning costume appeared at the door in answer to his summons.

"She is in," replied the matron, in a deliberate, freezing tone, "but not up!"

"O, tell her to rise," said Smith.

"I will," complied the maternal Nogg.

With extraordinary alacrity, Smith thought, considering her last evening's relapse, Niobe Nepenthe made her appearance in the little back parlor.

"Can you—will you forgive a penitent, heartbroken, miserable, despairing, desperate, contemptible scoundrel!" inquired Smith, accumulating epithets with great fervency.

"I *hope* I have a Christian heart," replied the alliterative Nogg, rather severely.

"Then hear me!" and Trichopherous came down upon his marrow bones, "I am yours—yours without consideration or limitation—always was yours—never was anybody's else. Your bewitching sincerity, your extensive sensibility have made me yours. I glory and exult in being yours alone—yours, O adorable Miss Nogg, forever! Last night I was a brute—I admit it. I stole in upon you like a miserable, sneaking sheep upon a flock of innocent, harmless—or rather, I should say vice versa. I trifled with your misery—insulted your grief—and I'm very sorry for it. O, say that you do not despise me! Let my letters, all of which I am happy to learn succeeded in reaching you, testify to the unquenchableness of my flame. Let them tell the story—and let me hear from your adored lips that I am forgiven! Let me hear from them the interesting tale of love. Let them tell me that you are a connubial votary, dedicated to the contrite Smith!" Here Trichopherous relieved his marrow bones.

Miss Niobe Nepenthe Nogg's Christian heart was carried by storm, and in a scarcely audible tone, she murmured to the last suggestion:

"I am, Mr. Smith."

"O, call me not Smith—call me Trichopherous!" and the seductive tailor ventured an arm around the Niobe Nepenthean waist.

"Fie, Trichopherous!" said the three N.s, softly.

"And now when shall we be married? When shall it be, enchanting Niobe? Supposing we elope?"

"O!" slightly screamed the connubial votary.

"We *will* elope—it shall be done!" continued the adventurous Smith. "No cold conventionalities shall defer my happiness. You would not make me miserable by refusing, my Niobe Nepenthe?"

"O, no."

"Then you consent?"

"I do."

"Then meet me this evening at Stubbs's barber's pole at seven. The train starts at half-past."

"Trichopherous, I will!" murmured the complacent Nogg.

Having made this highly satisfactory arrangement, Mr. Smith bounded into his shop like an antelope, where he discovered Mr. Solomon Snigger mixing a congenial cordial in a tumbler by no means transparent.

"All right, my boy!" inquired that gentleman, transferring the cordial to the place for which he had been mixing it.

"She's as gentle as a lamb when anything hymeneal is in the wind," replied Smith.

"Where is it?" asked Solomon, mysteriously.

"Stubbs's barber's pole, at seven."

"I will do," said Snigger, approvingly, and was off immediately.

It was dark at seven, and there was no moon. A hackney-coach drove up to Stubbs's barber's pole, and remained standing there. There were no indications of animate nature within or without, for five minutes. The street was a solitude for several blocks. Presently a fairy footfall echoed over the pavement, and Niobe Nepenthe approached in travelling costume—a band-box, two carpet-bags, and a small travelling trunk poised upon her delicate fingers. As if by magic, the coach door swung open, and Miss Nogg, the band box, two carpet-bags and travelling-trunk were drawn in by an invisible and irresistible force. It is needless to say that the young lady fainted rapidly and was unconscious from that moment. The coachman drove through all the principal streets in town, and ended by reaching the depot just as the train was on the point of starting. A very large nose and extensive whiskers were just perceptible as the party passed under a brilliant gas-light on their way to the train, and the next moment the susceptible Niobe was deposited on a car seat—satisfactorily cloped, but not with the insinuating Smith.

That treacherous gentleman, during all these proceedings, was quietly sitting in his back shop, indulging in a second German cigar. When the clock struck eight, he rose, put on his coat very deliberately, and crossed slowly over to Nogg's, inhaling meanwhile the fragrance of the German cigar with intense satisfaction. The moment he reached Nogg's street door, however, his nerves were infused with superhuman energy, and he pulled at the bell-wire like a madman. Both Noggs appeared simultaneously.

"O, Nogg!" gasped Smith. "Your daughter!"

"What of her? Where is she?"

"Gone! Lost to us forever!" groaned Smith, turning round to take a whiff at the German cigar.

"Mercy!" said the maternal Nogg.

"Went in the last train! Saw Snigger embrace her, and then put her in a hackney-coach!" continued Mr. Smith.

"Horses!" ordered Nogg.

"Telegraph!" shrieked his rib, frantically.

"Neither!" said Trichopherous, in a calm tone. "Listen, Mr. Nogg, and you, Mrs. Nogg, please be as quiet as your excited feelings on this trying occasion will allow. The express train starts at ten, and we can be up with them by morning, at least. I myself will accompany you, and confront the destroyer of my happiness face to face. I think they have gone no farther than Sykeston!" Mr. Smith *knew* they had gone no further than Sykeston.

"Smith, you're a sincere and true-hearted friend!" said Simeon Nogg, affectionately.

Trichopherous took another long whiff at the German cigar.

It was a very fast train—the ten o'clock express—and the Noggs and Smith, as the latter gentleman had intimated, arrived at Sykeston in the morning only half an hour later than the half past seven accommodation. With great haste, Smith led the way to the Phœnix Hotel.

"Did a young gentleman with a large nose and voluminous whiskers, and a young lady of about thirty-five or upwards—"

"Not thirty, upon my word!" interposed the anxious Mrs. Nogg.

"Did any persons of that description arrive here in the last train?" inquired Mr. Smith at the office.

Just then, Mrs. Nogg uttered a thrilling shriek. She had recognized the band-box, two carpet-bags, and small travelling trunk in the passage.

"Where are they?" inquired T. Smith, solemnly.

"They're in sixteen. John, show these gentlemen and the lady up!" said the amiable clerk.

Miss Niobe Nepenthe Nogg was reclining on a sofa, in a very dishevelled state, as Smith afterwards said, bathing her feverish temples with a bottle of camphor, and interspersing the applications with small hysterics—

"Like moody madness, laughing wild,
Amid severest woe"

Mr. Solomon Snigger was in the act of demolishing a cold broiled chicken—fast travelling and anxiety having given him an appetite.

"O, you heartless, remorseless villain!" observed Mrs. Nogg, receiving the agitated Niobe Nepenthe in the maternal embrace.

"Explain yourself!" roared Noggs.

"Just have the kindness to wait, till I finish the wing!" suggested Snigger, working assiduously. Having completed the operation, he rose majestically, adjusted his features, especially his nose and whiskers, into an expression of serene determination, and said:

"Mr. Nogg, Mrs. Nogg, and Miss N. N. Nogg. From facts which have come to the knowledge of myself and my friend, Mr. Trichopherous Smith, we have ascertained that, by some means having obtained possession of Mr. Smith's autoconnubial communications to Miss Belinda Beverly, you have proposed to inveigle that unfortunate gentleman into matrimonial relations with Miss Niobe Nepenthe Nogg. Mr. Smith and myself have two propositions to make at this critical emergency. I will take Miss Nogg or a substitute of two thousand dollars, or we will indict you for conspiracy!"

"So help us Jupiter!" assented Smith, sternly.

"I have always loved your daughter decidedly," pursued Snigger, "but never had a convenient opportunity of expressing myself before."

"What do you say, Niobe?" stammered the senior Nogg.

A ray of happiness shot athwart the sweet, expressive features of Miss Nogg, as she replied:

"I hope I have a Christian heart, and for your sake, to close this dreadful scene, I will submit to any sacrifice!"

"All right," said Snigger; "that's a sensible view to take of the matter. There'll be a Mrs. Snigger here in ten minutes, or I'm much mistaken. Smith, lead him in!"

A tall man, with white neckcloth and black waistcoat, was ushered in by the jubilant Trichopherous, who during his momentary absence had procured another German cigar, and in less than ten minutes the prophecy of Mr. Solomon Snigger was fulfilled. There *was* a Mrs. Snigger.

CURIOUS ERROR AND ITS RESULT.

A certain citizen of Montrose, Scotland, it is said, wrote to his agent in London to purchase a ton of copper for him; but the letter being one of the very worst specimens of penmanship, as well as perhaps not very correct in point of orthography, the agent read the order a ton of capers. Surprised at such an order, but nevertheless anxious to oblige his correspondent, he immediately set to work, and bought up the commodity in all quarters till he had the requisite amount. This, as may be conceived, was attended with the very natural effect of creating a demand for capers (in the language of trade, capers came to be inquired after), and also of rendering them scarce, so that they in consequence rose very much in price. The agent now wrote his correspondent that he had had great difficulty in fulfilling his order, but at last had succeeded in procuring for him a ton of capers; but that capers had since risen very much in price, and if he chose to sell he had now an opportunity of realising a handsome gain on the transaction. The Montrose citizen, as might be expected, was very much astonished in his turn by the communication, and the manner in which his order had been fulfilled, but had the good sense to write immediately to sell by all means—and thus, it is added, pocketed a considerable sum from an unintentional speculation and unexpected advantage.—*Scottish Guardian.*

FATHER TAYLOR.

Mrs. Jameson, the well-known writer, once attended church at "Father Taylor's," in Boston, and has given an account of his endeavor to impart to his sailor congregation an idea of redemption. She says he began with an eloquent description of a terrific storm at sea, rising to fury through all its gradations. Then, amid the waves, a vessel is seen laboring in distress, and driving on a lee shore. "The masts bend and break, and go overboard; the sails are rent—the helm unshipped—they spring aleak—the vessel begins to fill—the water gains on them. She sinks deeper, deeper—*deeper! deeper!*" He bent over the pulpit, repeating the last words again and again. His voice became low and hollow. Suddenly stopping, and looking to the farthest end of the chapel, as into space, he exclaimed, with a piercing cry of exultation—"A life-boat! a life-boat!" Then looking down upon his congregation, most of whom had sprung to their feet in an ecstacy of suspense, he said, in a deep, impressive tone, and extending his arms—"Christ is that life-boat!"—*Leon's Herald.*

THE LAST FISH STORY.

Blasting a rock on the west bank of the Mississippi, near Minneopolis, a man discovered, lately, the remains of a fish, which the St. Anthony Express says, exhibits the perfect form of a fish, about three feet in length, in solid limestone, the shape of the body, head and eyes, mouth and other parts, being perfectly preserved and represented. It was obtained about four feet below the surface of the rock. The drill run through one edge of the fish, and the blast split the fish through the middle, throwing out one half of the fish, but also breaking it across, about a foot from the head. The other half, we understand, still lies in the rock. We are not able to state to what family or species the specimen above mentioned belongs, but estimate its age at from fifty to seventy-five thousand years.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO MY SISTER.

BY F. X. AMY.

My sister! many a long and dreary year
Has slowly crept since last I saw thy face;
But from mine inmost heart, thine image dear,
Nor time nor absence ever could erase.

When twilight spreads its gloomy veil around,
And streams, and woods, and hills are dimly seen,
And nought is heard except the brooklet's sound,
Which adds a holy sadness to the scene;

Ah, then my pensive soul delights to roam
To those delightful, thoughtless days of yore;
And by my friends again I sit at home,
And each familiar face I view once more.

Then, of the forms that in my thoughts I see,
Who are not mouldering in the silent tomb,
Thou art the very dearest one to me—
The brightest ray that lights my life's sad gloom.

In fancy I become a child again;
The past returns, and the dear present flies:
Again I roam with thee the flowery plain,
Again I hunt with thee the butterflies.

Flow from my heavy bosom burning tears!
Flow for bright days of joy forever o'er!
'Tis sad, alas, to think of childhood's years,
That happy time which can return no more!

To think of those who blessed our childhood's day,
Whose lovely forms beneath the ground are cold,
To think of cherished friends by, far away,
Whose joyous smiles we may no more behold!

Ah, sister, sister! must I ever pine
Alone and sad upon a foreign shore?
And shall I never hear that voice of thine?
And shall I see thy lovely face no more?

Why, as I watch that little bird, I sigh?
The day is over, and it seeks its nest—
Ah, for from home and dearest friends am I,
Far from thy smile to soothe my weary breast.

Sister! most holy, dear, melodious name!
No purer one was ever breathed above;
How blest is he who in this valo can claim
The priceless treasure of a sister's love!

O, that I had the eagle's mighty wing,
That from this dreary land I might depart
To that dear region of eternal spring,*
And clasp thee, dearest sister, to my heart!

* Puerto-Rico.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE HEIR OF GLENGARRY.

BY BELL BRAMBLE.

In the palmy days of the knights of Stirling, lived the redoubted chief, Macdonald de Montfort, Earl of Bohun, who, on his brother's death, assumed the title and arms of Glengarry.

Dark rumors there were, of the means whereby the highland laird of Bohun had assumed the ancient crest, and came into possession of the broad lands of Glengarry. Clansmen shook their heads ominously, whenever the name of the young Malcolm Graeme was mentioned; and dark surmises were whispered when cronies met over the turf-fire, by the blazing ingle, of the mysterious disappearance of the orphan heir of Glengarry. A stout earl, who had fallen, sweeping the red harvest from the battlefield of Dunbar; and honest men knit their brows, and grasped their dirks, whenever their young chief was named, but as few of the genus were located near the grim old fortalice of Lough-Keppock, its lord troubled himself very little about their dark surmises.

Indeed, all allusion to the infant heir was in time allowed to die a natural death, inasmuch as he had made a few warning examples of more than one propagator of the scandal that would have made over the rich lands and the castle to the stripling page of the lady Matilda, the young Norman ward of her father, Malcolm Graeme, by summarily throwing them over the parapet into the moat beneath. And now, at the time our story commences, every knight and varlet on his domain (for thus were people of the middle orders denominated in that day) were ready to swear that the mighty chief of the earldoms of Bohun and Glengarry was a popular man.

His gloomy pile was strong of masonry—his domains broad, and he provided for the protection of both by amply surrounding himself with the formidable array of sturdy men-at-arms, inured to hardships, and a vast body of retainers.

A right worthy retinue of desperadoes were they, ready for any enterprise that might fall in their way, and to whom hard fighting, hard drinking, hard blows, and hard words had become familiar. A set of subordinate cut-throats, holding themselves bound to follow their chief wherever he made a descent on his neighbor's cattle or hayricks, and ready to throw any man from the battlements into the moat below, who should have the hardihood to utter a word derogatory to their chief, the high and valiant Macdonald de Montfort, Earl of Bohun.

Amid the gloom and coarse surroundings of this stern old fortalice, there beamed one gentle ray of light and beauty, a fair, girlish thing that had grown up by the stern warrior's hearth, like a tender sapling from a coarse-grained trunk. A creature all light and life, all loveliness and glee; flitting about from tower to turret, from loophole to battlement, like a spirit of joy and gladness, stilling by the spell of her gentle presence, the rude broils of her father's retainers, who deferentially made their uncouth obeisance, doffing their iron bound frontlets as she passed among them; even the savage bloodhounds whined a fierce recognition whenever she ventured from her "bower" (as ladies' bedrooms were styled in those days). Carefully educated, by the abbess of the neighboring convent of St. Agnesia, the fair Matilda of Bohun could bake and brew, spin, and tell her beads, as well as any saint in the calendar; then, too, she sung her woodnotes wild with a birdlike sweetness, touching her clairsach or harp to strains clear as its own. Whether threading the rocky defiles and narrow paths skirting the woods, on her Shetland pony, or feeding the hawk perched on her wrist, Matilda was the sweetest wild-flower that had ever blossomed within the domains of Lough Keppock.

And now its chief gave a mighty feast in honor of her betrothal to his kinsman, Macdonald, Earl of Lorn. A neighboring castle having first been plundered to furnish forth the marriage feast, which, like all banquets of that barbarous age, boasted its flasks of malvirsie and canary, stoups of sack and beer, its venison pasties and bannocks, while grim bloodhounds prowled in the hall, or skulked beneath the board, attracted by the scent of the viands steaming there.

From the lofty arches of the dark, oak-panelled roof above, trophies of the chase were suspended, while on the walls hung battle-axes, hunting-spears, ponderous swords and armor, on which the flickering flambeaux threw their lurid glare, while the warlike revellers were ranged round the board, according to their rank. Knights of high degree, whose belt and spurs had been won on the battle-field where noble deeds were done, occupied the dais beneath the silken canopy, blazoned with the arms of the noble houses of Bohun and Glengarry, habited in rich lace doublets, embroidered cloaks, beneath which glittered their steel placards and glittering dirks. While lower down sat the earl's retainers, with their fierce mustachos, the cowled monk, the spruce squire, the jerkened burgher, the minstrel clad in slashed sleeve and loose vestments, the joster in his parti-colored garb, with cap and bells, behind his master's chair; the menials liveried variously according to the rude fashion of the day, told off the seneschal's wand, to the iron collar with which the author of Ivanhoe has decorated Gurth the swineherd, of vassalage; told of serfdom, which, when viewed as given by our tale, in the raw material, is not very inviting, but when put forth with the plastic skill of a Scott, would show the chivalry of the land, decked out in bridal bravery, in a baronial hall, lighted by flambeaux, festooned by stately banners, emblazoned with the arms of a powerful chief of the middle ages.

Pale, very pale, sat the fair Matilda, amid that glittering throng, too sad to suit a bride about to be led to the altar by the powerful Earl Macdonald of Lorn. Nor did it escape the notice of many present, that as the revelry waxed high, she glided silently from the room, retiring to her bower, or chamber, leaving the wassailers to demolish pasties and potations, as best they might, while guests and retainers, and the jolly friar that blest the viands, emptied stoup and flagon, with a rude merriment, befitting the age and occasion.

Once in the privacy of her chamber, she loosened the brooch that marked the chieftain's daughter, casting aside her tartan scarf, loosening, too, the cords that laced her silken corsage, cutting them as though their tension choked the laboring breath, painfully heaving the white breast beneath. The bridal robe, edged with its garniture of swan's down, was flung aside, the jewelled snood loosened from the rich auburn tresses, now flung wild in heavy disordered volutes on bare shoulders, partly caught up in a dark cloak and wimple, and kneeling before a rude image of the virgin, devoutly crossing herself, addressed her tearful supplication that Malcolm Graeme might return in time to save her from the impending and hated bond.

Her lordly father, gouty and apoplectic, could be supposed to have but little sympathy with what he denominated the whim of a puling girl. Living in an age when the daughters of noble houses were considered but as marketable property, our valiant chief selected, right worthily from out the host of applicants for his daughter's hand, the highest bidder. Her eyes were tearful, her face very pale, as she arose from her orisons, yet she neither descended nor sought her couch, but lingered by the tall, narrow casement cut in the deep masonry of the wall, looking out into the darkness gathering thick and fast like a pall around; her slight form was shrouded by the folds of tapestry, that shook in the gusty wind, shivering as it fluttered round her there.

But she starts! a joyful exclamation passed the sweet lips, as a low, musical note blown upon a small silver whistle or call, reached her ear, followed, the next moment, by the dip of oars, and gazing through the darkness, she descried the skiff of the young Malcolm Graeme skimming the Lough with the speed of a belated sea-gull, and the next, at his well-known summons, the heavy chain of the portcullis fell, and as the drawbridge was lowered across the moat, it gave back the tramp of armed men, before concealed by the Lough's projecting, rocky banks. Their clanking step passing beneath her window, in the court, told gladly to the fair girl's heart, that no stinted hand had measured out the wine, and that the sentries slept. She knew, too, that the bloodhounds recognized the playmate of her childhood, and the ancient retainers of the house of Glengarry, following him, *their leader*, who had been brought up by her father as his ward, a scion of a noble Norman family.

And now, a sharp, decisive tread of an iron heel sounded on the stone gallery, the tapestry was pushed aside, and the blushing girl turned from the window with a pleased smile to listen to the low pitched whisper, "Mine own!" and the pleading, spoken low, in the darkness there, by the companion of her girlhood, Malcolm Graeme. And now, no longer sad or lonely, the fair girl listened as time's rusty fingers passed by the unheeded hours, until a shuffling tread of some one straying from the revel, caused her to start, not noticing that the first gray streaks of day were dawning through the mist that overhung the Lough.

"We must fly!" he observed, as the step paused at her door, "trusty followers, firm and true as steel await us below; boats are moored beneath the castle wall; draw your wimple close, for the night is cold, and trust to me."

Carefully wrapping his cloak round the trembling girl, who, pale and cold, clung to him for support, the tapestry was drawn aside, causing her to start, and her gaze, drawn by the flickering taper's light, rested on the infuriated glance of her irate father.

Grasping his poniard's hilt, he wrenched it from the sheath, but Matilda, deadly pale, her dress in disarray, her dark hair streaming in wild luxuriance over her breast, knelt at his feet, and clasping his knees, hurriedly gasped out:

"Spare, spare him! Do not ask me to wed the dreaded chieftain of Lorn. I love Malcolm Graeme, and if he dies, can but die with him."

"Away!" shouted her father. "And for him, the stripling, rebel Graeme—"

"He is no *rebel!*" exclaimed the young girl, fearlessly, with flashing eyes, and brow unquailing as his own. "Though compelled, through your usurpation, to absent himself from Scotland, Malcolm Graeme is no rebel, but the loyal and rightful chief of Glengarry!"

The rash assertion had scarce passed her lips ere she felt she had ventured too far. Her father's grim visage became deadly pale, the plague-spot of vengeance lowered ominously on his knit brow, as he hissed through his set teeth:

"*Ha!* how learned you that?" then shouting, "to the block, with the rebel traitor!" His retainers drew near and seizing the young Graeme, were about to hurry him from the room to the court beneath. The commands of their lord, whenever he had the power to carry them into effect, being similar to that other ancient highland worthy, Douglas, whom Scott shows as hanging his prisoners first, then holding a jury, and trying them afterwards.

Spurning the kneeling girl with his foot, he shouted: "Take her away!" as the clasping hands relaxed their hold, and the lifeless form of his child lay cold on the pavement at his feet.

"Matilda, mine own! My loved one!" broke from the lips of the young man, as wrestling against fearful odds, he was borne down by the earl's retainers, and hurried away. But yet from the crowd now gathered there, low murmurs were heard, and fierce eyes flashed, and ready hands grasped their sword-hilts, for savage as they were, they yet shrunk from the infuriated earl, who goaded to madness, spurned the pale cold form of the lifeless girl at his feet. Nor did the scowl pass from their lowering brows, as they saw him whom they believed their rightful chief, condemned to the block. Folding their mantles across their breasts, in ominous silence, each brawny arm clutching an unsheathed dagger, the kinsmen of the brave Earl Glengarry, who had fought and fell at red Dunbar, followed to the courtyard.

In order to show why the stout earl of Lorn objected to his cousin, when assured of his daughter's preference for the young chief of the noble house of Glengarry, it is necessary to go back a little in the history of the times. When William, Earl of Douglas, was assassinated by the second James, his brother assumed his title, and taking up arms vowed revenge, in which he was joined by many powerful and influential nobles, who raised an army, that for a time bade defiance to the king. At this juncture, a younger brother, Archibald, having heard that the Earl of Moray had gone to intercept the progress of Douglas, with his powerful allies, the Lords Monteith and Crawford, marched to Inverness, to make a descent upon Strathfinlan, and give them battle.

Many a deed of valor has been recorded of that hard contested field, but none surpassed in prowess the intrepidity of the then youthful knight of the house of Lorn, who had hastened with the knights of Moray and Armand, to the aid of the Earls of Glengarry and Bohun; owing to the prowess of his arm, the tide of victory set in their favor. As the only reward in his power wherewith to compensate a service of such magnitude, the Earl of Bohun promised the hand of his infant daughter, Matilda de Montfort, heiress of Macdonald and Bohun, to the young chieftain of Lorn. Meantime, his nephew Malcolm Graeme had been brought up as a dependent in the home of his fathers, while Matilda was taught to consider him as the scion of a noble Norman family, and a ward of her father's. Taught, also, to look upon the aged and now decrepid chief Lorn as her future husband.

But when has ever Love been barred, from whence he wills to be? Alas! for the caution of the stout old earl, the young Malcolm Graeme was Matilda's constant companion, whether threading the woods on her spirited jennet, or sharing in the instructions given by the abbe of the neighboring monastery. And now her childish regard had subsided before the all-powerful sentiment awakening when she learned from her nurse the secret of his birth and wrongs.

While the earl's guests and retainers, yet fiercely grasping their swords, defiled into the court, Matilda roused from her swoon pale as when rudely spurned as she laid prostrate there, rose and for a moment clasped her cold palms across her burning brow as if to gather her bewildered senses. Then the high resolve of her proud line sent its mantling glow to her cheek, while the fire of her race shone in the flash of her dark eyes, as she flitted with the speed of the antelope to the postern. To unchain it was the work of a moment, when to the surprise of all present, the blue banner with the boar's head of the chiefs of Glengarry floated side by side with the royal ensign of Scotland above the clan now pressing there to do their young chief's bidding. And there, from the topmost turret's tower, floated out the proud banner of Glengarry's earl, giving its w.ltering folds unrolled to the morning breeze.

At the same moment, the young Malcolm Graeme, his arms pinioned, was led forward to the block where the headsman stood poising the glittering axe above, the mute group around holding their breath in very horror, when spurring furiously forward at headlong speed, the knight of Snowdon, James Fitz James, distinguished by his tartan mantelene and hunting suit of Lincoln green, as well as the dusky heron plume above his brow, dashed into the courtyard, and pressing through the crowd, shouted—"*Hold!*" in a voice of thunder. "*Hold!* or thou art thyself but a dead man!" Then stepping forward, with his dagger he cut the cords that had bound the young man's arms, and holding him to his breast for a moment in soldierly embrace, presented him to the wondering throng, as their rightful lord, James Malcolm, Earl of Glengarry.

And now broke from the assembled clan a shout long and loud, that rent the air, as plumed caps in air were blended—shouts, that rose up to the still morning's sky, "Hail to our chief! Hail, to the heir of Glengarry!"

And again, and again, from the crowd assembled there, passed their young chief's name from lip to lip, as knights and retainers pressed around to offer their allegiance; for Malcolm had been a favorite, albeit unknown as its heir, in the halls of his fathers.

Tearing the bandage from his eyes, the bewildered gaze of the young man rested on the pale face of the earl's daughter, who darting forward, through the crowd, shrieked in anxious tones, "Does he yet live? Was I too late?" But when the young man sprang joyously forward to meet her, the revulsion was too great; caught to that young manly breast she had fainted.

When the young earl, bearing the light form of his precious burden into the castle, inquired for her father, he was told that the earl was last seen in company with the Friar of Thornwood, passing out by the postern. When next Glengarry heard of the Earl of Bohun, it was through a rumor that a brother had been added to the monastery, much respected therein, not for his sanctity, or abstemious habits, but for having brought great treasure in gold and lands, wherewith to enrich the abbey.

Further it needs not to pursue our tale, save to relate that ere James Fitz James returned to Stirling, he himself gave the hand of Earl Bohun's daughter, the fair Matilda de Montfort, to the late youthful rebel chief, Malcolm Graeme, saying: "For his rebellion to ourself—fetters and wardor, for the Graeme—for his presumption, else, in raising his eyes to the heiress of Macdonald and Bohun, we give over to your mercy, fair lady, our late foe—and now well-beloved cousin and adherent, Malcolm, Earl of Glengarry."

POWER OF MAGNETISM.

Eugene Guizot gives us an incident in Parisian life which he regards as romantic, and which is at least amusing.

The scene is laid in the pavilion attached to a country house in the neighborhood of the great city; the time a few minutes before 11 P. M. Mons. Armand awaits with patience Madame X., wih whom he has arranged an interview at that hour, quite innocently, but quite secret.

Close to the appointed time Mons Armand hears footsteps. Is it the lady? The door opens. He stands stupefied in the presence of her husband. Mons. X. has returned from Paris, and deeming it too late to awaken the sleepers of the house, comes to share the room of his friend in the pavilion.

The conversation between the lover and the husband is amusing, and as the hour approaches the perplexity of the former increases. His agitation lends him to the most inconsistent remarks and the most inexplicable questions.

"What is the matter with you?" asks the husband.

"Nothing at all."

"I discompose you; how strangely you look. Have I interrupted something serious?"

The lover stands, his hands pressed upon a little table, weak and nervous with agitation.

"Ah!" exclaims the husband; "I see you were about to try an experiment in table-turning!"

The suggestion saved the lover. Gradually recovering, he admits the fact. The whole public was then in a rage of table-turning, and the most marvellous appetets were attributed to the mysterious process.

"Yes," exclaims Mons. Armand, "I admit it. You smile at me. You doubt! Shall I explain to you, by an exhibition of true science, one of those miracles of magnetism of which I speak? Will you deny the evidence of facts?"

"No; I ask only proof."

"You shall have it. My will can traverse space and overcome distance. Name some one at the chateau, and I will summon him here in a moment. Shall it be your aunt?"

"O, no! She is too old, and the experiment would ruin us."

"Your wife, then?"

"Very well, my wife."

Mons. Armand, with an air of intense thought, leans on the table, and inwardly exerts the magnetic will.

In a few moments Madame X. enters and perceives her husband, stands mute, pale with dilated eyes and outstretched arms, and an air of stupor wholly unaffected.

"Prodigious!" exclaims the husband.

"Hush, silence," says the magnetizer. "Do not awake her. I have not at last admit the power of magnetism? Do you acknowledge the mystery of somnambulism and the magnetic current?"

"I am indeed convinced," murmured the astonished husband.

Fearful of awaking the somnambulist, the magnetizer forbids the husband to speak or to approach, and, with a few words and gestures, willed her departure, and the sleeping medium walks off.

All learned a lesson by the experiment, and the husband was thereafter a firm believer in animal magnetism.—*New York Courier.*

MISAPPREHENSION.

When we were travelling on a Mississippi steamboat, a short time since, we encountered a near-sighted individual, slightly obfuscated, who had entered the cabin and saw himself reflected in a mirror opposite. He was near enough to observe that the face looked familiar to him, and so, thinking that the person might possibly be a blood relative from that section of the country, he inquired with the blandest expression he could assume:

"Is your name Brown?"

No response of course, and he repeated the question in a louder key:

"Is your name Brown?"

Still no answer, and our mandlin friend, with some show of anger, in a louder tone asked:

"Is your name *Brown?*"

Finding his supposed relative was determined to "cut" him, he threw himself back upon his dignity, and assumed an intensely indignant expression of countenance, he remarked:

"Well, your name may be Brown, but if it is, you don't belong to our crowd—you're an accidental Brown—you're no gentleman, sir, no how."

With this he rose, and putting on a majestic frown, took a zigzag course towards his stateroom.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

HELPING THE PREACHER.

Dr. Boecher once said to an old lady who had expressed her wonder to him that she was permitted to live, as she could not do any more good. "You are doing a great deal of good; you help me to preach every Sunday. In the first place," said he, "you are always in your seat on the Sabbath, and that helps me; in the second place, you are always wide awake, and you look right up in my face, and that helps me; and in the third place, I very often see the tears running down your face, and that helps me very much."—*New York Independent.*

Jester's Picnic.

A couple of young ladies who had recently buried their father, who, by the way, was an old humorist, and had such an aversion to marriage that he would not allow them to enter the bonds of matrimony, however advantageous the offer. Conversing on his character, the eldest observed:

"He is dead at last, and now, I think, we will marry."

"Well, I am for a rich husband, and Mr. C. shall be the man," said the youngest.

"Hold, sister," said the other, "don't let us be too hasty in the choice of our husbands—let us marry those whom the powers above have destined for us; for our marriages are registered in heaven's book."

"I am sorry for that," replied the youngest, "for I am afraid father will have a chance to tear out the leaf."

A jolly fellow had an office next to a doctor's. One day an elderly gentleman of the old fogy school blundered into the wrong shop.

"Dr. X——— in?"

"Don't live here," says P———, who was in the full scribble over some important papers, without looking up.

"O, thought this was his office."

"Next door."

"Pray, sir, can you tell me, has the doctor many patients?"

"Not living."

The old gentleman was never heard of in the vicinity, but the story was, and Dr. X——— threatened to sue P——— for libel. However, he came to think better of it.

Relief is at hand for the "fallers." The Buffalo Advertiser says: "Young gentlemen given to promenading with young ladies, now wear a light strip of steel stitched in the outer seam of their pantaloons, from the knee down. This prevents entirely the excoriation of the skin from the friction of ladies' hoops. Without such protection, a walk of a mile or so, arm in arm, is sufficient to "establish a raw on the masculine leg." One of our boys proposes as a remedy that the male carry around with him, on his arm, a large hoop, and when it is necessary to become linked to the woman, to do so by having her take hold of the hoop. This will allow the couple to come within speaking distance of one another and save the cavalier from an excoriation.

Two attorneys, says an old newspaper, in partnership in a town in the United States, had the name of the firm, which was "Catchum & Cheatum," inscribed in the usual manner upon their office door; but as the singularity and ominous juxtaposition of the words led to many a coarse joke from passers by, the men of law attempted to destroy, in part, the effect of the old sonorbaim, by the insertion of their given names, Isaiah and Uriah; but this made the affair ten times worse, for the firm then stood thus:

"I. CATCHUM & U. CHETUM!"

So nothing but a dissolution of partnership would do.

SONNET ON A BABBLE.

O, babelet, why that tearlet,
A gleaming in thine eyelet?
Thy heartlet, babelet, dearlet,
Should never know a sighlet,
A amislet on the liplet,
Should glisten, little lovelet.
Of joy's cup take a sliplet,
Don't cry, my pretty dovelet.

Not long since, among other curiosities called for, we specified a "Map of the State of Matrimony." Up jumps a Yankee, Amos Smith, Jr., by name, Haddam, Connecting his abiding place, and offers to supply the demand for eight three-cent postage stamps. He delineates the Straits of Banbainese, Sparkling Cove, Coquette Harbor, Fop the Master Point, and Port of Hymen. A capital thing, as a refresher to a bachelor.

A Gascon officer, demanding his salary from the minister of war, declared that he was in danger of dying with hunger. The minister, who saw that his visage was full and ruddy, told him that his face contradicted his statement.

"Ah, sir," said he, "don't trust to that; this face is not mine; it belongs to my landlord, who has given me credit for a long time past!"

A RECENT FASHION.

Bonnet on the shoulders,
Nose up to the sky,
Both hands full of flounces,
Raised a la Stacy high.
Under-skirts bespattered
Look amazing neat,
All your silks get "watered,"
Sweeping down the street!

A very bright boy had received the gift of a bow and arrow. He was perfectly delighted, and standing on the broad door-step, was searching for some proper object on which to try his skill as a marksman. At length, he exclaimed—"Now I wish Satan would have no right, for then I'd shoot him dead, and he would never do any more harm!" This was a large patriotism.

What a blessing are metaphysics to our generation! A poet or author who can make nothing clear, can stir up enough sediment to render the bottom of a basin as invisible as the deepest gulf in the Atlantic. The shallowest pond, if turbid, has depth enough for a goose to hide its head in.

"I was always," said Pogere, "kind to animals; I recollect being much hurt by a flea that hopped away from me and avoided me. Once it hopped towards me, but when I was about to lay on it the hand of friendship, it gave a slip in a contrary direction. I lost sight of it, and we never met again."

When a woman says of another woman "she has a good figure," you may be sure that she is freckled, or that she squints, or that she is marked with the small pox. But if she simply says, "she is a good soul," you may be morally certain that she is both ugly and ill-made.

Adversities are blessings in disguise. We know a man who has lived six months on a sprained ankle. He belongs to half a dozen societies and draws four dollars a week from each. He once spent a whole summer at Saratoga, on a sore throat.

A recruiting sergeant addressed an honest country bumpkin in one of the streets of Manchester, with, "Come, my lad, thou'll fight for thy king, wunt thou?"

"Yoight for my king," answered Hodge, "why, has he fours out wi' ony body?"

Sam—Julius, what profession does your brother follow now?

Julius—He am larnin' to be a vocalist in New York.

Sam—What am he studyin'?

Julius—At Sing Sing.

Plunkett one day met a friend in the street, who said to him:

"Well you see ——'s prediction has come true."

"Indeed!" replied Plunkett, "I always knew he was a liere, but I didn't know he was an augur."

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Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
No. 22 WINTER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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